Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1725.

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THE BYSTANDER, JANUARY 6, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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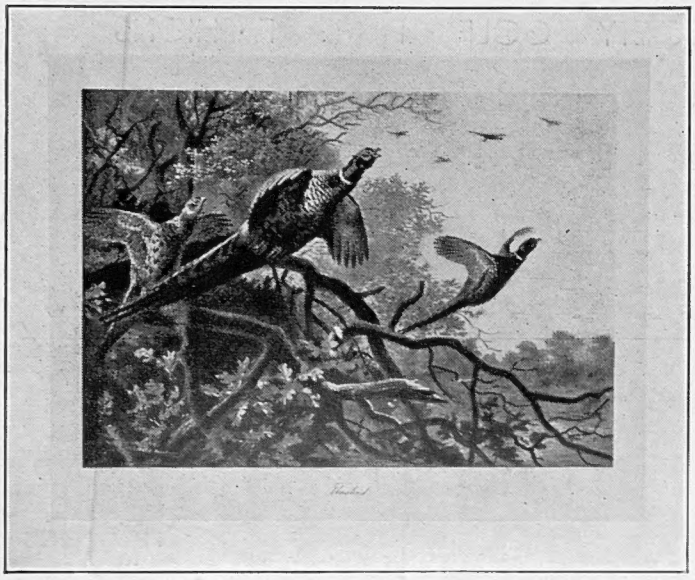

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The Bystander, January 6, 1937 Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1725.

The Bystander

Peter North

Ann Harding Is Going to Play Candida

Ann Harding, the lovely blonde American actress who has been over here film-making, is making her English stage debut next Monday in the provinces in the name-part of Shaw's *Candida*. (After a five-weeks' tour, the play is coming to London.) Ann Harding chose the play herself for her first appearance in England; Candida is one of her favourite parts, and she first played it eleven years ago in Philadelphia. Mr. Shaw is said to be very pleased with her; he took charge of the first rehearsal, though Irene Hentschel is the official producer. Nicholas Hannen, Stephen Haggard, Athene Seyler, and Edward Chapman are in the cast, and Geoffrey Nares is designing the sets. Meantime you 'll be able to see Ann Harding in the film version of *Love from a Stranger*, in which she plays the part Marie Ney took on the stage, with Basil Rathbone as the sinister stranger. Rowland V. Lee directed the film, which was Press-shown yesterday

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

LAST week, in a brief summary of some of the events of 1936, I said that quite a lot of people had no particular reason for supposing that the New Year would be any worse than the old, or words to that effect. Certainly the New Year has opened in a black gloom. The position in Spain is more menacing than ever. By the time these words appear, Herr Hitler may have come to a fateful decision, a decision which may affect the lives of every one of us. Will he persevere with his Spanish adventure and risk the peace of the world, or will he retire from it and risk his prestige at home? That is the dilemma before him. Every scrap of common sense, supported by the advice of his military leaders, is against a continuance of the adventure. But common sense has long ago faded out of European politics. It cannot be reckoned as a factor nowadays.

THERE seems to be no doubt that Signor Mussolini would like to be quit of Spain. The Civil War is taking much longer than he, or anyone else, had expected; it is proving very expensive; and even if Franco wins, the future garrisoning of the country will be a serious problem. And most of all, the Duce is longing to set the seal on his diplomatic triumphs by getting an Anglo-Italian agreement in the Mediterranean. Our National Government's record in foreign affairs has been consistently and uniformly peculiar, but surely it will not be so peculiar as to give Signor Mussolini his agreement without getting a pretty big concession from him at the Spanish end of the Mediterranean?

Proud Grandparents and Proud Father

"Yesterday morning at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent was safely delivered of a daughter at 3, Belgrave Square." This was the form of announcement in England's oldest newspaper ("The London Gazette") of the happy and royal event of Christmas Day, 1936, when the Duke and Duchess of Kent's second child was born. Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, who had come over specially, were photographed with the Duke of Kent outside his home. The small Princess shares the doubtful advantages of a Christmas birthday with her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester

THE deadly factor in the European situation is the internal condition of Germany. From all reliable accounts, the economic situation, which means in effect, the food situation, is appalling. A few months ago General Goering was pointing out the superior desirability of guns over butter. Now it is not only butter, but sugar, bread, meat, and everything else, which are running short. The traditional method of dictators to distract their people's attention from the failure of the dictatorial system has always been a foreign war. But in the Nazi case the situation is complicated by the admitted fact that the German army is not ready, and will not be ready, till 1938. A foreign war to-day would not appeal to the Reichswehr chiefs, and if the Reichswehr does not march briskly into battle, who will?

AN enchanting controversy has been raging in a London daily journal on the relative values of Gibraltar and Ceuta to the British Empire. Military and naval gentlemen, after they have retired from Service, feel a mysterious urge to leap into print on the smallest provocation, and here they have found a perfect subject, bristling with technical possibilities. Those who want to give up Gibraltar in exchange for Ceuta provide the big laugh, because they spend so much energy proving that Gibraltar is useless and therefore the Spaniards ought to have it, and that Ceuta is valuable and so the Spaniards would be only too delighted to make the exchange.

IT is one of the oddities of the democratic form of Government that the laws which are being made so incessantly so seldom seem to affect directly our own personal lives. Vast and complicated measures, for instance, for the regulation of foreign meat may ultimately mean a small increase, or decrease, in our monthly butcher's bill, but it does not hit us so hard that we have to alter our lives. Curiously enough, two laws came into operation this week of which we will be able to see immediate results. The first is the banning of the political uniforms, and the second is the obligation to have a non-splintering windscreen on motor-cars. Of these, the first may prove more easily enforceable than the second. Is there a way of proving that a piece of glass is splinterable other than by splintering it?

THERE is to be a vast block of offices and shops in Berkeley Square. Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse. What will the ghost of Peter Standish think, the hero in *Berkeley Square*, the lovely play which J. C. Squire and John Balderston wrote on the short story of Henry James? The ghost of Evelyn may be pleased, for it was he who advised upon the first "development" of the Berkeley House estate.

I READ Mr. George Jean Nathan's attack in the *New Yorker* on Mr. John Gielgud's *Hamlet*, and I agree with every word of Mr. Sydney Carroll's reply in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Nathan, after a good deal of petulant and slightly shrill invective, delivered himself of the opinion that brains are not necessary for the acting of *Hamlet*. All that is required is histrionic technique and a good director. This is a magnificent position to take up. The greatest intellectual part in the whole of drama can be acted by a "bonehead"; Beethoven can be played by a half-wit who can strike the right notes in the right order; any journalist with a secondary school education could have written as finely about the "Mona Lisa" as Walter Pater did; any well-trained batsman could play Ranjitsinjhi's leg-glance. Boy, take this shilling, and give it to Mr. Nathan, and ask him to sing in the next street.

MISS AGNES MUIR, in a snorting, rip-roaring presidential address to the Educational Institute of Scotland, returned to that hoary Aunt Sally, the decadence of modern youth. It is astounding how often this quaint old superstition is revived. "What heroes do the average youth glorify?" cried Miss Muir, and answered her own question, "boxers, professional footballers, cinema stars." As if this was something new. Heavens, has an educational president never heard of the Greek games? Was not Pollux, son of Zeus and Leda, a boxer? Did not Alcibiades win fame by entering six chariots for the races? Was not Roscius, the actor, acclaimed in Republican Rome? Pindar wrote a great deal more immortal poetry in praise of runners and discus-throwers and boxers than most poets. I think the question ought to be "Where do educational presidents get their education?" And have they never heard of Watkins, Mallory, Irvine, Fleming, Waugh, Courtauld, Clydesdale, Shackleton the Second, and a few others of our decadent youth?

THE death of Lady Houston recalls the curious vicissitudes of the *Saturday Review*. At one time it was far the most brilliant of the politico-literary reviews, and that was a period when there were a dozen of them or more. Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, William Archer, were on the staff as critics. Frank Harris, that brilliant man, was editor. Then its star waned, to flare up again after the war under the editorship of Mr. Gerald Barry, now editor of the *News-Chronicle*. Ivor Brown did the plays, Gerald Gould the novels, and to get an article into the *Saturday* was the ambition of every young free-lance. Then came the famous divergence of opinion on a matter of policy between editor and proprietor, as a result of which the former, and his colleagues, "walked out" and founded *The Week-End Review*. Later on, after another relapse into indistinction, it was bought by Lady Houston and converted into its present singular polychromatic form.

THERE are precious few arguments to be put forward in favour of television, but a really good one is the news that Miss Phyllis Dare is to broadcast this month. Miss Dare's lovely face launched a thousand attacks on the Western Front, or at any rate inspired the children who were launched in a thousand attacks, and it would revive old, wild memories to see it again, even if only on one of Mr. Baird's contrivances. Phyllis Dare . . . Lady Diana . . . Delysia . . . Shirley . . . Teddie . . . Julia . . . Violet . . . Zena . . . we may have won the war on the technical side, but they keyed us up to win it.

THE modern use of words is a never-ending joy to the student. It becomes more and more fantastic all the time. Here is a beautiful example, taken from an illustrated tabloid newspaper. "Cunard-White Star have placed an order for a miniature 'Queen Mary' between 30,000 and 40,000 tons with Cammell-Laird of Birkenhead." I hope that sometime or other the Cunard-White Star will hire a gallery in Burlington House and give us an exhibition of some of their famous miniatures.

AFTER Fred Perry, now Jack Maclean. It is always a little sad when a famous amateur turns professional. There is a certain glamour about men like Jackson, MacLaren, or Fry in cricket, Bobby Jones in golf, the great R. S. McColl in Soccer, who have held their own as amateurs in the highest professional company. Maclean turns professional without having won either of the two great amateur titles, just as Abe Mitchell did. Both of them came pretty near to winning one, Maclean losing at the thirty-seventh hole to Johnny Fischer in the American final, and Mitchell losing at the thirty-eighth hole to John Ball in the British.

PERRY himself opens as a professional lawn tennis player this week, at Madison Square Garden in New York. He is to play the first of forty matches against Ellsworth Vines, the former Wimbledon champion. Tilden, "Big Bill," has put it on record that in his opinion "Vines will murder Perry." This is a pretty confident prophecy, considering that Perry won the only match they played as amateurs, and that Crawford, whom Perry almost always beat, was too good for Vines at Wimbledon in 1933.

I AM writing this on the day before the first ball is bowled in the third Test-match at Melbourne. As I have a one-hundred-per-cent. unbroken, unblemished record of failure as a cricket-prophet this winter, I propose to go out of business and quit before I spoil the record. That's all this week.

An Ambassador Departs

Dr. Manuel Malbrán, the Argentine Ambassador in London, left on the Asturias for Lisbon, for a short visit of two weeks. He took his younger daughter, Mlle. Maria Angelica Malbrán, with him, and his elder daughter, Celia (right), went to Waterloo to see them off

An Ambassador Arrives

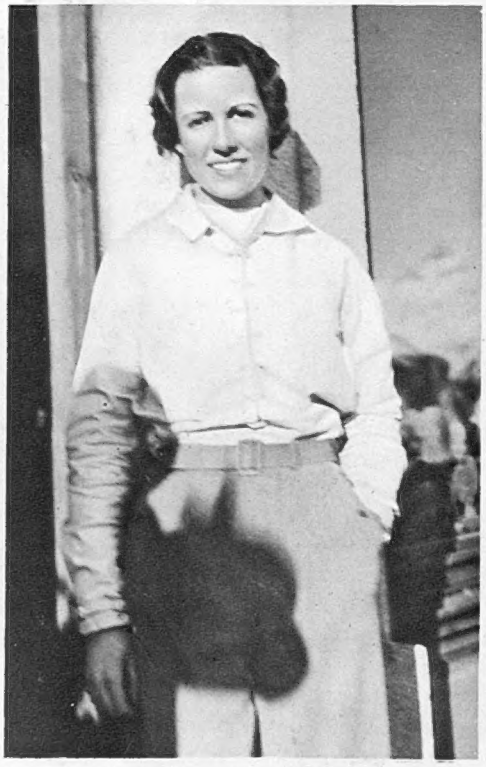
On the day after, Dr. Armindo Monteiro arrived in England from Lisbon to take up his duties as Portuguese Ambassador, in succession to Dr. de Oliveira (don't confuse with Régis de Oliveira). Dr. and Mme. Armindo were photographed on the boat

Sir Victor and Lady Warrender were just off for a short expedition, with their lunch in a bag. Lady Warrender's outfit was gay and smart: a dark-grey suit in heavy flannel, with scarlet cap, shirt, belt, socks, skis and sticks, white tie and stockings, white and scarlet gloves

Four wintersport "names" rested at Corviglia before their downhill run—Jack Heaton, Michael Weaver, "Paddy" Green and "Mouse" Cleaver

Swiss Snow News

Cosmopolitan Christmas at St. Moritz



Miss Ninette Heaton is Jack Heaton's sister, and a crack ski-er, as her brother has become since he gave up Cresta riding two years ago

M. Pierre Fanchamps came from Paris, and Mlle. "Bouboule" von Kalau from Holland; she is a well-known St. Moritz ski-er, and champion of the Three S Club. Her black cow-hide jacket with knitted sleeves is her own design

Another star dresser at St. Moritz is Mme. Esnault Pelterie, wife of the French aeroplane designer who has been called "the Sopwith of France." She has black shoulder straps on her white suède jacket for ski-carrying

The Hon. Ben and Mrs. Bathurst are regulars—he is really a Cresta rider, but spends some time ski-ing early in the season. They were off on the Corviglia to Celerina run, which is very good this season. His mottled felt hat is as worn by the local sleigh-drivers

Film-star Kay Francis looks as lovely on the snow as she does on the screen. Her new camera kept her busy during the lunch interval

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower had just arrived for a very short Christmas holiday, and went straight out on the terrace to get their first sun

Mme. Alazaga Unzue had just got back to the village from Corviglia. She was "Baby" Robinson, of the American colony at Pau and Biarritz. "Sonny" Robinson, Biarritz's "society barman," is her brother

Right: the Warren Pearl family took themselves to St. Moritz for Christmas, all but the eldest son, who is in America. Here are Audrey, "Perkie," Duncan, Mrs. Warren Pearl, and her younger daughter Suzanne, who is still at school

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Loudon and Lady Prudence Jellicoe

Francis William Hope Loudon married Lady Prudence Jellicoe, the youngest daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Countess Jellicoe, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Mr. Loudon is Mr. and Mrs. James Hope Loudon's son. Prince Friedrich of Prussia and Princess Marie Louise were among the guests; Princess Cecilie of Prussia was a bridesmaid

Mr. Coltman and Miss Susan Tufton

Thomas Alexander Hamilton Coltman, R.A., elder son of Major and Mrs. Coltman, of Daljarrock, Ayrshire, married Susan Tufton, at Marylebone Parish Church. She is the late Hon. Charles Tufton and Mrs. Tufton's daughter, and a niece of Lord Hothfield

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Oliver

Got back to England on the Aquitania in blaze of publicity last week, after being marri at the City Hall, New York, on Christmas E Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchil twenty-two-year-old daughter, intends to co tinue her stage career as Sarah Churchil Vic Oliver, well known here as a comedia compère, is appearing in the Trocadero caba

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

CHRISTMAS, even far north in Scotland, was mild and "un-seasonish," but a very comfortable house filled with congenial guests, a nearby golf-course, a galaxy of indoor games, new and old, and lots of dogs to drag one out of doors, meant for us a very enjoyable holiday.

There were dogs of every sort, size and breed at Cullen (Banffshire), where Lady Seafield entertained a Christmas party. The pack, at full strength, consisted of an imposing bull-mastiff, a bull-terrier, a yellow Labrador, a would-be black spaniel, and a very comic would-be Chow who, having left the family circle, is now the devoted companion of Mr. Basil Kennedy, and arrived with him to spend Christmas.

Lady Seafield's love for dogs extends even to her guests' "followers." Lady Smiley's "Little Willie" (naturally, a dachshund) and Lady Cecilia Smiley's "James"—a terrier—were received into the family circle. Not so much as one growl was heard among the entire mixed brood.

Surprise Presents

IT was a family party of Smileys at Cullen. Master John, son and heir of Sir Hugh, was accompanied not only by his parents but by a couple of nurses and his uncle and aunt, who were married the other day.

Lady Cecilia is an extremely pretty girl, with a delicate oval face, a singularly clear skin, and a beautiful profile. Lady Smiley, the most beautiful debutante of the Beaton era, has, in our opinion, never ceased to improve in looks.

As a very slim "young-married" with a wild-rose complexion, naturally curly hair, and a flair for good dressing, she is tremendously attractive.

Her husband's Christmas present thrilled her. It was an antique necklace consisting of clumps of aquamarines in a heavy gold setting, with long ear-rings to match.

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley preserve religiously the tradition of the surprise present. Neither knows what the other is going to put in the stocking.

Mr. Basil Kennedy was also with us. He has turned a hobby into a business by running a perfect home for dogs at Chobham, and never has less than 100 dogs at his kennels, where he specialises in breeding bull-mastiffs.

Should Slide Warily

LADY SEAFIELD and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley Herbert, are off soon to Austria—probably to Kitzbühl. Lord Donegall, who attains such Olympian standards as membership of the Kandahar, gave a homily over luncheon.

"The reason," he said, "that ski-ing has become a 'dangerous' sport is that there are too many funiculars, and people come out with soft muscles. They go up in trains, whereas before they used to climb, hardening their limbs in the process. People who do this funicular type of ski-ing should regard the first four or five days as an 'initiation' period and slide warily."

The Seafields will not have to worry about this muscle business. They spend their time tramping about the Highlands, shooting or playing golf.

We were sorry to miss a Christmas tree and party for the children on the estate on the Tuesday after Christmas, but Wales is a far cry and we had to continue on the second part of the "round trip."

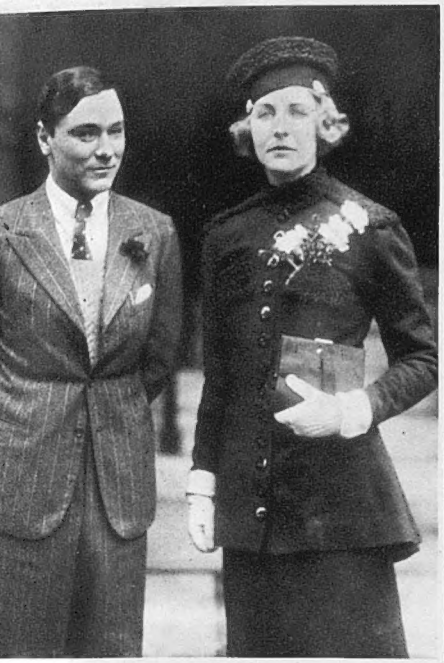
Off to New York

IN Wales, where we stayed not far from Vaynol, we heard of much coming and going in Sir Michael Assheton-Smith's lovely house.

Lady Juliet Duff was among the early departures after Christmas. She and her son are off to New York early in the New Year, and thence to Hollywood.

Mrs. Astaire, the mother of the famous pair, was also staying at Vaynol with her daughter and the latter's husband, Lord Charles Cavendish. It is difficult to imagine that anyone as calm and quiet and charming as Mrs. Astaire should at one time have "run" the professional careers of her children.

Lady Stanley of Alderley and her little daughter, Edwina, stayed on until the New Year, and new arrivals soon after Christmas included Lord Berners, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rhys, and the Hon. Hamish Erskine, whose engagement is rumoured.



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Derek Jackson

Derek Ainslie Jackson, the late Sir Charles James and Lady Jackson's son, married Lord and Lady Redesdale's second daughter, the Hon. Unity Mitford, at the Caxton Hall Register Office, the day before Derek Jackson's twin brother, Vivian, met his death in the tragic Celerina sleigh crash

Houston Rogers

Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Rorke

Henry Clare Ashley O'Rorke and Tunie Karri-Davies (her real names are Sheila Georgina Grisel) had a quiet wedding at St. James the Less, Litchfield, Hants., and are honeymooning in Austria. Mr. O'Rorke is the Rev. H. W. L. and Mrs. O'Rorke's son ; the bride is the late Col. W. Karri-Davies and Mrs. Karri-Davies' daughter

Lady Churston

Read the Court Circular column any day now and you will find it full of announcements of people going away to Switzerland, Austria, Italy or Germany, taking advantage of valuable snow and devalued currency. Lady Churston was one, and the photographer took her picture at Victoria just before the train left

Successful "Paul Jones"

One of the most enjoyable entertainments during Christmas at Vaynol is the Servants' Ball, which took place on Boxing Night and is attended by the staffs of all the neighbouring houses. A "Paul Jones" was an enormous success, and the party continued until about 4 a.m.

A "Distressed" White Coat

Some just-before-Christmas snapshots of well-knowns in London before we took off for the north :

The Duke and Duchess of Leeds strolling along Piccadilly, she being smart in a black dress and hat and short Boxy jacket of "distressed" white cloth.

Lady Long arriving hatless at Euston in the evening, very chic in brown suède, a small white "Peke" in tow. She had missed the same train the night before!

Mr. Billy Fiske, rich young film-directing "Swiss sportite" giving a party at the Savoy on the night of his arrival, guests including the Paul Munsters, the Countess of Warwick, the Rupert Byass's, Mr. Bobby Sweeny, and Mrs. Eve Richardson, who has since left for a long stay in St. Moritz.

The "Ten-Bob" Circus Ball

We think Captain Bertram Mills left all other charity organisers at the post with his mammoth Circus Ball at Olympia last week in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital. Tickets were only ten shillings, including free admission to the Fun Fair, where books of twenty tickets worked out at "threepence a go" on any of the sideshows ; there were two bands, endless programme and spot-dance prizes, and a really first-rate circus cabaret which everyone in the vast hall could really see ; and the committee, after paying all expenses, had £2000 to hand over to the Hospital.

A much-missed figure at the ball was Lady Carisbrooke, who, unfortunately, was laid up with influenza, but Lord Carisbrooke, who is President of the Princess Beatrice Hospital, brought a party that included their daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten, who will be one of the most important of the Coronation Year debutantes.

Tall and slim like her mother, and with something of the fair colouring of her aunt, Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, Lady Iris had returned from Munich in time to spend Christmas at Kensington Palace with her parents and her grandmother, Princess Beatrice.

Fun of the Fair

In a crowd of nearly three thousand people we caught fleeting glimpses of many familiar faces : Sir Archibald Weigall, Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, very smart in a black moiré suit specially chosen for the sideshows ; Mr. George Mostyn, whose infectious good spirits make him an asset at any party ; Mrs. Claude Leigh, a vice-chairman of the ball ; Sir Ian Malcolm, Captain and Mrs. Richard de Quincey, the latter well wrapped in an ermine coat ; Lord Portarlington, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, temporarily bereft of their large party of young people by the Fun Fair ; and a galaxy of "stars" that included Ivy St. Helier, Gracie Fields, Dorothy Dickson, and Zena Dare.

Ivor Novello not only helped them to draw lucky numbers but gave the royal box at Drury Lane as a prize, and was genuinely delighted when Mr. W. E. Butlin—the fun fair king of London and the provinces—congratulated him on the faithfulness of the Hampstead Heath roundabouts scene in *Careless Rapture*.

Wonderful Business

We hear from Davos and Klosters that they, like every other snow resort, are doing wonderful business. Peta Davis and her husband, "Tony" Stocker, had to wait a week before they could move into the famous green-chimneyed Fluela after New Year. His sister is staying there, also Michael Weaver's sister and Lady Leverhulme "mit yong."

At the equally celebrated Silvretta in Klosters Bill Bracken has gathered his Gadarene Club. Those who know the parable can picture the scene, though it is hardly complimentary to members. Pretty Mrs. John Hanbury-Tracy, who broke her leg on Christmas Day, is one.

Though Davos is only two hours from St. Moritz, *if* you catch the 7.50 a.m., there is not enough "va et vient" between these two major resorts. Trains running at reasonable hours and taking not more than two would put the Parsenn at the disposition of St. Moritzers and the delights of the Palace bar within calling distance of Davosers. Still, the trek over to Davos is fun, including the twenty-five minutes at Filisur, the junction consisting of shed and coffee-stall which everyone has called "Silly Fool" from time immemorial. They also call the head (and possibly only) porter "Ernest," though this is not his name. He is a mine of no doubt fascinating information in Romansch, the beautiful language of the Engadine and the Grisons, which is as easy to understand as Gaelic.

MISS PEEPS

Anthony

Markova and Dolin—Pantomime Stars

Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin have, rather surprisingly, gone into pantomime this Christmas, and appear in *Mother Goose* at the Hippodrome, in a short, specially written ballet called *Vanity*. Their brilliant dancing serves as a kind of model by which the audience can measure "Dame" George Lacy's equally brilliant ballet burlesque. When the pantomime season is over, Markova and Dolin meet their ballet company again and go into six strenuous weeks' rehearsal under Nijinska, before they start their spring tour at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on March 1st

Le Wintersporting

(4) Icy Precision : Thoughts on Skating

By W. D. H. McCullough

(Part Author of "You Have Been Warned")

Sketches by Christopher Millett

Ankles In or Ankles Out

Surprise from Behind

Provoking Glance

Timid Start

THE gloomy news that the snow is hopeless for ski-ing—the bright suggestion that we should all go skating—the unfortunate fact that one has brought one's skates. The odd feeling of skating boots after ski boots. The ghastly sensation of insecurity as one staggers across a few steps to the ice—the problem as to whether one feels better with the ankles sagging inwards or outwards—the first breathless stride followed by a coast with the feet together. The heartiness of that girl who comes up and grabs one for support—the cad going round backwards on one foot telling some woman that the ice is slow and soft.

To Music

THE gradual increase in confidence—the almost lighthearted feeling as the band begins to play a march—the rather daring effort to strike out with long, slow strides in time to the music—the obvious fact that the composer had made no provision for small boys dashing about endangering the lives of gentlemanly ice-users. The quite maddening feeling of incompetence when a couple of little girls come on hand-in-hand, take three strides, and sail off backwards poised like butterflies.

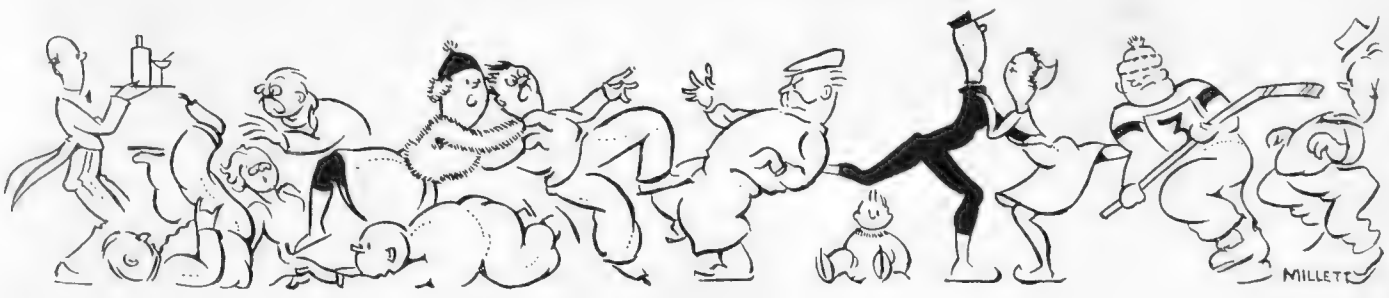
Outside Edge

THE decision that a gesture of confidence must be made—the disturbing feeling of the first outside edge of the season. The sudden pleasant discovery that someone has fallen down—the quick turn round to enjoy the scene—the sad realisation that the number of falls has now reached a total of two.

The complicated process of standing up again—the lovely sound of skates ringing on the ice.

The Eight

THE decision to go into hiding and practise figures-of-eight—the discovery of a beautifully inscribed figure-of-eight in a quiet corner. The effort to recall the instructions on the subject of doing an eight—the inadequacy of the recalled instructions—the faint memory that the way to start is to push off with one shoulder pointing in the direction of the advance—the problem of which shoulder is to go forward—the decision after one or two surreptitious wriggles that the right should lead. The final concentration before pushing off—the sudden appearance of an elderly gentleman at the other end of the eight, looking extremely annoyed—the horrible thought that it must be his eight—the fact that he is approaching along the track at high speed and with contemptuous precision. The resolve to withdraw in a dignified manner—the extreme difficulty of so doing when the distance between one's feet is increasing violently and uncontrollably—the glorious feeling of relief when at the last moment one's feet stage a miraculous rapprochement—the sudden demonstration that even the finest skaters cannot preserve their dignity when both feet are swept away by a stalwart lady going steadily and inexorably backwards . . .



The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Mainly About Pantos

A SMALL girl once said to me: "If Christmas was Jesus's birthday, when was Jesus's Christmas?" The question sounds, and was, ingenuous. Yet it is profound enough to have been posed by Sir James Frazer himself, for the fundamentals of our Christmas festival go farther back than the birth of Christ. That is why Christmas as customarily spent is such a pagan affair. That is why our Christmas pantomimes, so English, and yet, withal, so Greek, so Roman, have B.C. written all over them. Misrule must reign. The sexes must change costumes. If the pantomime dame is not a man, if the principal boy is not a girl, the vital carnival spark is quenched by reason and decorum.

JUST as principal boys are played by girls, so, for my part, I would have principal girls played by boys. It is because principal girls are played by girls that principal boys again and again outshine them. Go to *Mother Goose* at the London Hippodrome and see how Florence Desmond's Robbie outshines Chili Bouchier's Jill. True, Miss Desmond is twice as famous and twice as clever as Miss Bouchier. But in *Puss in Boots* at the Lyceum, where Marjorie Sandford as Jack and Polly Ward as the Princess Rosamund, may be said to begin all square, it is the principal boy who registers again. And as for *Cinderella*, at the Coliseum, has not Edna Best been hailed as the big pantomime capture of the year? Yet is not her Cinders so completely eclipsed by Madge Elliott's Prince Charming, that the poor little heroine seems hardly to exist at all?

"Cinderella": Edna Best, in the name part, awaits Madge Elliott (Prince Charming)

Sketches by Rouson

"Mother Goose": Jill (Chili Bouchier) watches Robbie (Florence Desmond) dash past

Every year some legitimate star turns principal boy and is acclaimed a patriotic sport and first-rate trouper? Why not, then, vice-versa? Let John Gielgud step forward as Maid Marian, Frank Lawton as Little Red Riding Hood, Ivor Novello as Princess Balroubadour, and the principal girl will come into her/his own at last.

IN the meantime, there are the dames, deliciously dressed in elastic-sided boots, now in the very pink of fashion. Best of these I would acclaim George Lacy as Mother Goose, for while remaining true to the full, fruity tradition, he is as spry as a daisy—nor does he depend on decrepitude, for he can be as funny as a young dame as an old one.

Clarkson Rose as Dame Tickle at the Lyceum has more acid in his composition—Dame Pickle rather than Dame Tickle, so tart, so sharp are the charms he parades in the latest modes. Given a good dame and a good principal boy, any pantomime will pass, for the dancers and the acrobats and the singing tots are mere trimmings, valuable but inessential. So *Cinderella* at the Coliseum, where the décor is most genteel, lacks core, the Ugly Sisters playing second fiddle to Buttons, whose rightful rôle is second fiddle to the Baroness. But alas! in this version the Baron's second wife seems to have gone the way of his first. She does not, in any case, appear. Lupino Lane, always a charmer, strives valiantly to be as funny out of skirts as he would be in them, but the joke is not there to begin with.

In brief, real ponies and real rabbits are sweet. But impersonated cows and horses are what true pantomime-lovers most delight in.

Dorothy Wilding

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier and Simon Tarquin

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier and their small son, Simon Tarquin, live in Whistler's house (74, Cheyne Walk) in Chelsea. Mrs. Olivier is Jill Esmond on the stage—she 's Eva Moore's daughter—but hasn't been seen there much during the past year, thanks probably to Master Simon. Mr. Olivier started his stage career as one of Elsie Fogerty's pupils, made his first appearance at the Festival Theatre at Stratford (in 1922) and steadily piled up a reputation for strong, active acting, playing twice in New York and spending some time in Hollywood, until, late in 1935, he made his biggest Shakespeare hit, alternating the parts of Romeo and Mercutio with Gielgud, at the New ; that led on naturally to the idea of his playing Hamlet, which was Miss Lilian Baylis's. Olivier accepted the Old Vic's offer (refusing, in order to do so, a film part opposite Marlene Dietrich, says more-than-rumour) and there followed a period when he and Tyrone Guthrie would adjourn from rehearsals to the Old Victoria (a pub. next to the Vic stage door) to discuss the Prince of Denmark's characteristics. The result appeared last night, with Cherry Cottrell as Ophelia, Dorothy Dix as Queen, Francis L. Sullivan as King, and a strong supporting cast, in *Hamlet* in its entirety — each performance will last four hours

In Eighteenth Century Dress, for a Bach Gigue

Agnes de Mille

The American Dancer is in London Again

Agnes de Mille has many admirers in this country; she is one of the few dancers whose solo recitals can compete for varied interest and beauty with an evening of ballet. She is an extremely talented artist, a dance-diseuse with original, often inspired, ideas, the full technique of a classically-trained dancer, and a great gift for mime. Besides this she has studied widely and deeply the dances of other countries, other periods, and has a wealth of authentic material on which to draw. Everything she does is thought out to the last detail, including her dresses. The early eighteenth century one in which she was photographed was made of Italian material which it took her three months' searching in New York to discover. Her biggest work as choregrapher was the arranging of the dances in the film, *Romeo and Juliet*, with a "corps de ballet" of five hundred to handle. She is in London just now giving a short series of recitals—three at the Mercury Theatre, on last Monday and January 18th and 25th, and one at the Fortune on January 29th

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

In Practice Dress

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE national centenaries for this gay New Year 1937—in case you're ordering flags and laurel already—don't seem very hot. The big boys involved are rather grim. Tom (*Age of Reason*) Paine (January 29th); Edward (*Decline and Fall*) Gibbon (April 27th); William, first Marquess of Lansdowne (May 2nd); and Joseph Nollekens, R.A., sculptor (August 11th), do not stir this aged pulse to any extent, for one. On March 31st we certainly get a mild kick out of the painter Constable, who undoubtedly twiddled a wicked brush. There are still odd bits of rural Essex miraculously dodging Auntie Civilisation and the Speculative Builder, her whiteheaded boy, and imitating a Constable landscape to the life. May 31st is the centenary of the comedian Grimaldi, about whom the story is told of his consulting (incognito) an eminent doctor for acute constitutional melancholia, and being advised by that specialist to go and see the laughable Grimaldi. The identical story is told of every other star clown in the history of the international theatre, so it's probably true.

But don't let all this depress you, sweethearts. On June 1st we celebrate the foundation of Melbourne, Australia, and on June 20th the accession of Queen Victoria. Whether Melbourne is still in the Empire by June 1st depends on the issue of the present Tests, as you know. Our gallant lads may get a few more bumps on the wrist, or find the wicket too damp, or too dry, and their cries may stir the great heart of the Motherland. Alternatively, President Bradman may make another duck or two, and after a stern exchange of Notes, the Australian Ambassador may leave. Whatever happens, a happy New Year to Mrs. Follick of Sydney, who sent us a nice New Year card last week.

Virtuosi

WHEN Lady Eleanor Smith describes the aerial trapeze act of Les Kimris at this year's Olympia Circus as "hair-raising," she is indulging in no flafla or whimsy. Our poor old arteries thudded so loudly and painfully that people on either side complained. The idea is briefly to play tricks hundreds of feet up, on a trapeze slung from an electrically-driven aeroplane which goes whizzing round and round at high speed. True, the plane is fixed to a metal rod and cannot crash ("presumably," Lady Eleanor adds), but even then the girl of the party hangs from the trapeze by her toes. It seems a devilish idea; the sort of thing a man might invent who had a rich aunt with a weak heart. Twice a day these Kimri people do it during the run of the show.

Another highlight, in our estimation—unfortunately the trained horse acts, however graceful, make us uncomfortable, reminding us of a lot of people we know—is the performance of two of the clowns, we forget which, who operate on a gentleman friend in the arena, dressed as surgeons with a large red "L" on the back of their white overalls. Having covered the patient with a sheet they deftly swing the table over and carve up the dummy on the other side of it with professional skill and gusto. This sort of rich fooling invariably makes us laugh like ninnyhammers, but it isn't everybody's cup of tea. A large bronzed sahib in the next seat saw nothing funny in it, we observed. Even when a small child explained the joke to him he didn't. He did laugh, however, later, when a lion roared, and this puzzled us mildly till we worked it out for our own information by the association of ideas. Thus: Roar-Jaw-Munch-"Punch." Being on safe ground then a chap then could (and did) laugh.

"Fond of fishin'?" "No, shootin'"

Fun on the River

FOLLOWING complaints by Thames pilots about the rudeness and vulgarity of certain Dutch captains in London River—we're not romancing; questions have been asked in the House about it—Auntie *Times* has been publishing opinions on seafaring language from those of her little readers who have learned from the first footmen, via the tweeny (who has a cousin in the Navy), that sailors don't care what they say.

Actually, as Dr. F. J. W. Folliott says, sailors' language (and bargees' especially) has highly antique and respectable precedent. Horace complains of it in the Satires. Also Boswell. And, what is more, part of the Eleusinian Mysteries included ritual swearing at bridges. The reason for this, says Dr. Folliott, is unknown. It may have been either magic or topophobia. On the other hand (if the dons don't mind our venturing to say so), it may just have been human nature, and there's no actual need to go literary over it. Anatole France once went into ecstasies over a Paris street quarrel because one of the parties hurled at the other party a personal insult used by the poet Martial in his epigrams—we couldn't repeat

it, being that genteel. What on earth does this prove? The human frame doesn't alter, nor the human heart, and what a vulgar Roman proletarian remarked about certain aspects of his enemy's frame in A.D. 85 we 've ourselves heard repeated by a costermonger in the New Cut in A.D. 1935. What *he* got for saying it, incidentally, was a swipe across the jaw with a portion of cod.

What is obvious and provable through the ages is that water, or the proximity of water, makes even the best people swear. Do you remember the great Dr. Johnson's classic retort to the rude Thames waterman? "Sir, your wife, under pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods." Burke and Langton agreed that this was the goods, as indeed everybody must.

Peepshow

ACCORDING to Mr. Frank Wallace, an actor who wooed and won her at Milwaukee in 1911, Mae West was just a simple girl in those days, and Love was her all. "Your little wifey, Mae," she would sign herself to Mr. Wallace when on tour. Doggone it, we 'll say these old eyes grew a bit misty and something sort of got stuck way up in the old throat when we read that. (The laryngeal obstruction turned out to be a wedge of our breakfast apple, but we felt what we felt just the same.)

Call us soppy if you like, but what is more moving than to picture leading personalities of the day in their former innocence? The late Zaharoff was once a sweet little Levantine baby—ever thought of that?—crawling and chuckling in the Constantinople gutters. Stalin's aged Mamma still calls him by his infant name of "Soso," which is a Tchehov story in itself. And there was a day when Jack Hobbs's tiny face lit up for the first time at the sight of a big round rubber ball, painted with birdies and rabbits. Ever thought of that?

Dream Faces

NOW picture with us a December afternoon in the year 1865, and a five-year-old in a velvet suit at his first Christmas party. Isn't that tiny lip the wee-est bit curled? Isn't that tiny figure the least bit contemptuous and aloof, as if it were already in Heaven? "At least, Master Inge," says a harassed voice, "you might play with the *wealthier* children!" And the vision fades instantly into that of another much jollier five-year-old at a party in the year 1896, critically sipping his lemonade, toying with a big chocolate cigar, and already meditating an epigram or two on the comic people present. "Drat and drabbit that child," says his old Nanny good-humouredly, "He 'll be one of them there writers one day, will Master Val, he 's that sharp—you mark my words!" He will too, by Gad, will the infant Cxstlxrxsse; and one could go on for ever summoning up similar fascinating, or fantastic, or even fearful visions from the Past.

Patina (Eh!)

THAT nice little row over the cleaning of the great Velasquez full-length of Philip IV. of Spain in the National Gallery is still raging among the art-critic boys. On the one side they assure us that National Gallery authorities have cleaned this superb portrait so thoroughly that they 've cleaned most of Velasquez clean away. On the other side they assure us that what has been cleaned away is merely "antiquarian prejudice" (the Director of the Gallery) and that a few coats of old varnish don't matter.

Actually the Gallery people take agonised precautions with their (our) art treasures. The X-ray, the latest discoveries in photography, the tintometre, and analytical chemistry with its most recent solvents are all made use of before a really big picture is restored, they say. In the case of the Philip IV., so the Director claimed the other day, the original paint was so well preserved that after examination "only a weak solvent was required to reveal the wonderful brilliance of the original painting." Barging in like the ignorant oafs we are, we should say that even then it 's a bit of a pity to remove the patina. Our dead British cathedrals were all brilliant and glaring with new stonework when they were built. Time then mellowed them. If you throw an eye over the

"We had to—he has a nose just like my husband's"

newly steam-cleaned bits of Westminster Abbey, you 'll realise what an odious mistake it was. If they 'd only cleaned out the foul statuary which defiles the interior instead !

That 's our position, and we stick to it, holding doggedly that Time's patina matters a great deal. Only a Yahoo would rub off the dusky patina of a fine Jacobean piece of furniture. It would be like clean-shaving G. Bernard Shaw. Messing about with historic monuments seems to us, on principle, an artistic crime, and we don't care who hears us say so.

Pleasaunce

MR. ALFRED C. BOSSOM, the eminent architect, thinks that instead of trying to rebuild the Crystal Palace they should turn the whole area into an open space, " developed and beautified by the landscape-gardener's art," where the tired Londoner may wander or rest ; a cross between Hampton Court, Kensington Gardens, and the Bois de Boulogne, with a " really good restaurant of the bungalow type." The suggestion seems to us entirely sound.

Mark you, incidentally, that the tired Londoner has never had much luck with his pleasaunces. Romantic as Ranelagh and Vauxhall, Rosherville and Cremorne and Bagnigge Wells and the other places sound to us now, people of the period were always complaining about racketeering. The caterers at Vauxhall, for example, were supposed to be so clever at carving that you could pave the entire Gardens with the slices of a single ham. At Marylebone Gardens they were stingy with their fireworks, and Dr. Johnson once tried to instigate a riot among the populace on this account. If Mr. Bossom's Crystal Palace suggestion is adopted, our licensing laws will naturally keep the bars closed during the only hours the majority of Londoners can use the place—afternoons, for example, and Saturday afternoons especially ; leaving it optional to the populace to refresh its big, silly face with horrible infusions of tea-dust or stumble about thirsty, or lie down and die, just as it likes.

The meekest and most docile people in the world, next to the Germans, will never rebel against this deprivation. We 're pretty stout fellows in any trouble, as was recently demonstrated (and by nobody more loudly and continuously than ourselves), and if we can't get a drink when we want one, we just face the situation with courage and make no murmur, huddling together heads down, dumb, and dogged like cows before a storm. Are we the world's wonders, or aren't we ?

Mother Knows Best

" MOTHER was very hot at football in her time. I owe it all to her," said Mr. George Frederick Curtis to the *Express* the other day. Mr. Curtis, who has just signed amateur forms with the Arsenal, filially declares that he learned all his football at his mother's knee. She was centre-forward in the female munition-workers Soccer team during the war. The heart of every footballing mother in Great Britain will go out to Mrs. Curtis in her hour of joy and thankfulness.

It seems curious that with the single exception of Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*, there is no tribute to a Rugger or Soccer mother in our literature. Yet in scores of quiet English homes there must be silver-haired mothers with cups on the sideboard testifying to many a hard-won game. Those dear old slippered feet once booted the ball with ferocious vim. That sweet old face was once purple and contorted with passion as it charged down the field. That quavering old voice once yelled " Foul ! " and " Go it ! " and " Blast you ! " ; or cursed the referee incoherently till he wilted. Turning once more to *Margaret Ogilvy*, we re-read with relish the dainty chapter where the fairies fly away with the football-boots of an old lady named Mrs. Dickery Dock, and bring them back full of earth, with a geranium growing in each. Mrs. Dickery Dock (as you ken fine) was the safest full-back Thrums Whimsies ever had. In her time, the Thrums goal was known as The-Net-Which-Hates-To-Be-Entered. People whispered that the ball was mischiefed . . .

Shrug-This-Off Dept.

THE only thing material Progress has done to improve man's lot is to make his evil instincts more easily satisfiable. (Also, of course, his good ones.) E.g., blackmail by telephone is easier than blackmail by goose-quill on parchment, and masses more of the citizenry can be fooled by wireless than by couriers on horseback conveying information clumsily hand-set with wooden type.

Contrariwise, there are as many saints in Ireland now as there ever were, though some live on mass-produced food and others warm their feet at electric fires. Work it out by mathematics and you 'll find we 're not romancing.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" I 'm going on to another party later "

Films of the Day

A Retrospect on 1936 : By George Campbell

THE customer, they say, is always right. What did *you*, the public, think of the films of 1936? The answer seems to be that you liked them better than ever. Showmen croaked and grumbled, as they always do, but figures prove that on the average you went to the movies more often than in 1935. Moreover, the habit is spreading amongst all sorts of people who would as soon have confessed, a few years ago, to being dope addicts—professors, and retired army officers, and dear old ladies with vague pretensions to being highbrow. Lists of first-nighters at the more notable affairs read more and more like concentrated extract of Debrett; Rolls-Royces choke the streets, and if the mass hysteria keeps growing, we shall soon have premières like Hollywood's at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. And *they* have to be seen to be believed.

A MELANCHOLY business, surveying the dead year's casualties and triumphs. So many famous people gone, so many bankrupt, so many slipping sadly back into the obscurity from which, so gaily and so recently, they sprang. Look at almost any big scene in a Hollywood picture, and watch the extras and "bit" players—the people whose "Another highball, sir?" is all that distinguished them from the inarticulate £1-a-day crowd. The chances are that if you have an eye for faces, you will recognise at least one fallen star who used to have his name all over the world in lights.

QUITE a number of others, still rich and famous, dropped back a few rungs of the ladder in 1936. Two or three years ago, the Wallace Beery-Marie Dressler team was on top of the world. Now poor Marie is a memory, like Will Rogers, and Beery is not in the first dozen. True, he played—and played uncommonly well—in one of the most artistic pictures of the year: Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness*. But it was too quiet, too subtle, too wistfully funny to be really popular; and Beery's *Message to Garcia* was just plain cheese.

Lionel Barrymore, too, lost ground. So did Greta Garbo, so long absent from the screen that even ordinarily constant fans went a-whooping after strange goddesses. *Camille* may bring them back; but I doubt it. "Garbo Talks!"—there was a headline for you. "Garbo Coughs" is anti-climax. Katharine Hepburn is still a problem: half genius and half cuckoo. W. C. Fields spent a great part of the year on his back, while his friends despaired of his life, but managed to inject some of his rich and fruity humour into *Poppy*. Chaplin, they say, saw the writing on the wall after *Modern Times*, and will give the rest of his life to directing Paulette Goddard. If so, it will be interesting to see whether the man who was ten years ahead of everybody else when he made the cynically realistic *A Woman of Paris* in 1920, will succeed in getting away from sickly sentimentality and catching up with the procession in 1937.

HAROLD LLOYD'S *Milky Way* was another of his triumphs of team work, and shrewd production. I personally thought the Marx Brothers had never been so good as in *A Night at the Opera*, where they were subjected for the first time to the discipline of M.G.M. Joe E. Brown fades, Gracie Allen made a come-back in *The Big Broadcast*, and most of the British comedians—Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Max Miller and Sonnie Hale—went on working on the assumption that pictures are something between an Aldwych farce and Crazy Week at the Palladium.

Joan Crawford, a trier if ever there was one, regained a lot of ground with *The Gorgeous Hussy*. Mae West has taken to parodying herself, which can only have one end. Jack Oakie, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks, Nat Pendleton, and a score of other talented people gave brilliant performances that helped to lift others to the top, without getting nearer stardom themselves. Anna Neagle did nothing so fine as *Peg of Old Drury*; Jean Harlow was good in *Libelled Lady*, but otherwise dropped a bit from her 1935 level; and Claudette Colbert, unlucky with her stories, had a disappointing year.

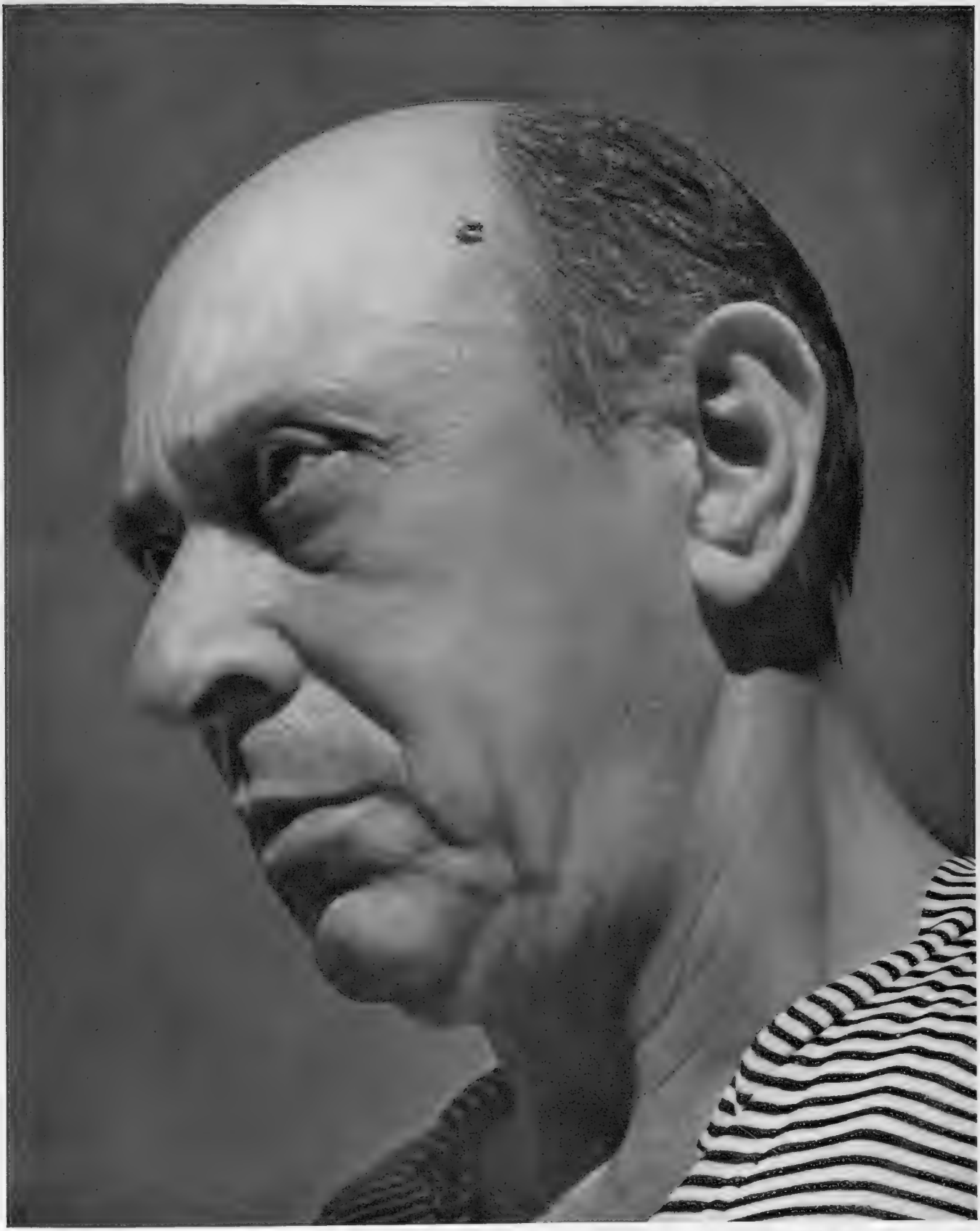
OF the rising or risen stars, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and William Powell are fighting it out at the top, with Cooper perhaps the most universal in his appeal. Luise Rainer has gone right to the heights with two brilliant performances—in *Masquerade* and *The Great Ziegfeld*. Another Continental girl, Simone Simon, has made an auspicious start in *Girls' Dormitory*, and looks like being one of the greatest box-office discoveries of the year. Errol Flynn is the most romantic young leading man on the screen to-day, and one of the best actors (Robert Taylor is plain of looks and harsh in personality by comparison). Fred McMurray and Randolph Scott are quietly climbing. More and more people are appreciating the sterling acting of Spencer Tracy, though the flappers do say he lacks sex appeal. And Jean Arthur, once a blonde menace, has come to the front, like Myrna Loy, as a sparkling light comedienne.

Both Miss Arthur and Miss Loy by the way, had the good fortune to play opposite William Powell, and it cannot be just a coincidence that another of his leading ladies, Carole Lombard, scored a hit in *My Man Godfrey*. Powell, like Cooper, scored three bulls'-eyes in a row—four if you include *Ziegfeld*. And to think he was ten years in pictures before a director could see him doing anything but shoot aged ranchers left-handed in the back! Such are the crazy ups and downs that will pull down a score of stars in 1937, though, happily, they don't yet know it, and write a score of unknown names in lights.

BY far the best of the new pictures is *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Don't go to it expecting history. It is frankly fiction. But of its swashbuckling *Bengal Lancer* kind, it is marvellous entertainment, with the charge itself as a fitting climax. Errol Flynn, so good in *Captain Blood*, acts even better and is positively the handsomest actor on the screen.

Olivia de Haviland and Errol Flynn

In "The Charge of the Light Brigade," one of the few new films put on around Christmas time. It is at the Carlton. Errol Flynn comes well out of our critic's review of 1936 on this page; he is described as "the most romantic young leading man on the screen to-day, and one of the best actors." His big success last year was in "Captain Blood"



Arnold Schönberg — Musical Revolutionary

Schönberg's revolution took place about twenty years ago, but nobody since has done a more shattering thing than he did to music, and he remains the great experimentalist of the twentieth century. Atonality—music based on a system of twelve notes of equal importance—is the basis of his revolutionary creed, and as Communism implies chaotic destruction to the Conservative, so atonality was crazy discord to the unaccustomed ear of his early audiences. Nowadays he has in England what has been described as a respectfully sympathetic rather than an enthusiastic following. Chief of the school of composers using his system was Alban Berg, who became as a complete a master of atonality as Schönberg himself. Schönberg was born in 1874 in Vienna, and studied there and in Berlin; he began his musical life as a romantic composer, but by 1909, when he completed "Erwartung," and 1912, when he wrote "Pierrot Lunaire," the revolution was behind him and something new had come to music. The main body of his work is for voices and orchestra, or for chamber orchestra. His "Orchestral Variations" for full orchestra is his most important post-war composition. He now lives in Los Angeles, and is Professor of Music at the University of California

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 1
Edna Best

THE choice of Edna Best as Cinderella for the pantomime at the Coliseum this year is ideal. Edna is the best we have got to represent the down-trodden suffering type of character. A supreme example of this was afforded by her in *The Constant Nymph*, and more recently by her performance in *Promise*, where her quiet appeal and hint of tenacity under gentleness was perfect.

In private life she is the most retiring of actresses, and more than abominated all the public references to her marital and domestic affairs.

In the course of her career Miss Best has had a diversity of parts. She was one of the best Peter Pans that Sir James Barrie ever had. Just after the Armistice she became the typical post-war flapper on the stage—in fact, she was the original stage flapper, though her first appearance was in *Charley's Aunt*, where she played Amy on tour and the revolting Ella in London. She regards this as fortunate, as does almost everyone else in the show business—to have made a first appearance in *Charley's Aunt*. Previously she had studied four years with Kate Rorke, her father, who was on the Stock Exchange, presenting no objections to her stage ambitions.

IT was in *Uncle Ned* with Henry Ainley at the St. James's that she first caught the eye of the critics. She had another success in *Brown Sugar* shortly afterwards. Then she had twins by Seymour Beard; followed by what she now calls the effrontery to play a Gaby Deslys part in *Polly With a Past*; the rôle of a masculine girl in *Spring Cleaning*; and a success in *Lilies of the Field* and *Fallen Angels*. In addition to this she has understudied Fay Compton on various occasions; played in *The Key* with William Powell in the Hollywood film of that name; and has starred in pictures for Gaumont-British.

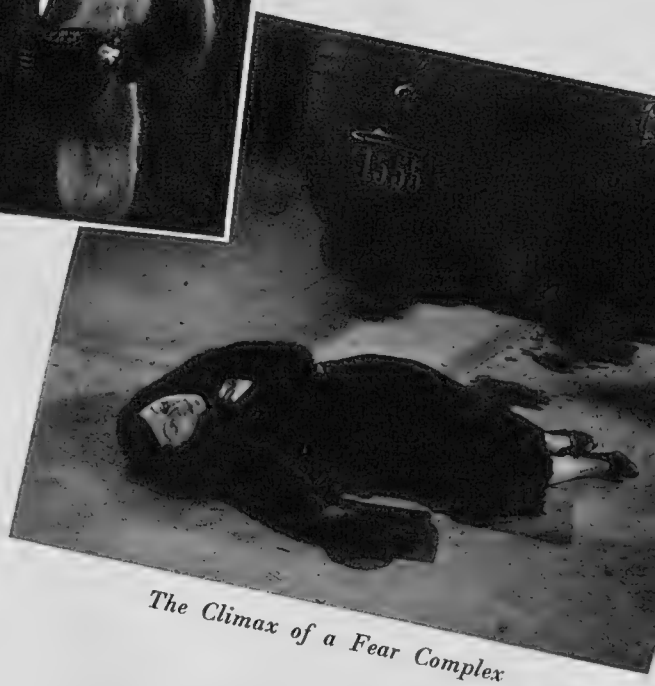
Edna Best does not like ham because it makes her thirsty; is very ticklish, and has a frequent nightmare that she can neither scream nor laugh when some stranger, usually a taxicab driver, tickles her; plays golf and tennis, but regrets her affection for games because she says they make her muscular; adores travelling and cannot bear to think that there are places that she will never see. She has a flat in King Street, St. James's. She says "Coo!" an awful lot. She likes to take flats and buy houses and then to move out; for her ideal way of living is to have two rooms and a suit-case, and to be able to close the door on the past at any moment. She dislikes dressing up, preferring a pair of flannel trousers to an evening dress, but enjoys going out at night. Though she has a small appetite she is fond of talking about food, and you will frequently find her at Prunier's bar.

Edna Best has a short nose and an affection for American dialogue, because it is usually fresh; collects stories of "Little Audrey"; has become a martyr to numerology and positively pounces on pins whenever she sees one lying on the stage or the floor in front of her. As an actress she can induce sympathy and can make bad news seem vibrant better than anyone else I know. She has also played in a series of comedies with her husband, Herbert Marshall, to whom she is devoted.

Charles Graves

Georges Rigaud plays the Friend, Gaby Morlay the Wife, in "Fear"; the story of a woman with an innocent attachment who lets the fear of discovery grow into panic and almost into tragedy

Suzy Prim (taking the money, above) plays the part of a vaudeville girl who is not above a flutter in the blackmail market. Right: the crash in that market (Gaby Morlay)



The Climax of a Fear Complex

"Fear": A New French Film

"Fear" is the French film from Stefan Zweig's powerful drama of infatuation and foolish panic. Gaby Morlay, who plays the woman on whose character the plot turns, is the star of the Theatre du Gymnase in Paris; she has created all Henri Bernstein's leading parts. Suzy Prim, playing the blackmailing little actress, made her screen debut in "Mayerling" as the sympathetic aunt who acted as go-between. Ilia Salkind directed; he has made over twenty films on the continent, including "Liebesmelodie," and is now at work on two English films with Reunion. "Fear" comes to the Curzon shortly

Right: Charles Vanel is the Husband — a lawyer — whom his wife (Gaby Morlay) adores

Lord and Lady Curzon

Lord and Lady Grimthorpe

Lord and Lady Rea

The Hon. Joan Milne and Her Father, Lord Milne

The Circus at Olympia: Lunch With Celebrities and What They Saw Afterwards

Lord Ernest Hamilton and Margaret Lady Birkenhead

Lord Dorchester and His Daughter, the Hon. Lorraine Carleton

Circus Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Knie's Tigers

Circus Silhouettes

Hard on Nerves and Necks: Les Kimris' Act

Lady Meyer and Her Son

Lady Meyer and her seventeen-year-old son are spending his Christmas holidays at Mürren. Sir Anthony Meyer is at Eton; he succeeded in 1935 when his father, Sir Frank Meyer, was killed in a hunting accident. Lady Meyer was Marjorie Seeley

Miss Pamela Blyth and Miss Philippa Fitzalan-Howard

Were two of Mürren's Christmas decorations. Philippa Fitzalan-Howard, who will be nineteen this year, is the daughter of the late Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard, and a niece of Lord Howard of Glossop. Her mother is now Mrs. P. G. Riviere

Mostly Family Parties

Christmas News from Mürren

Mrs. Malcolm Trustram Eve

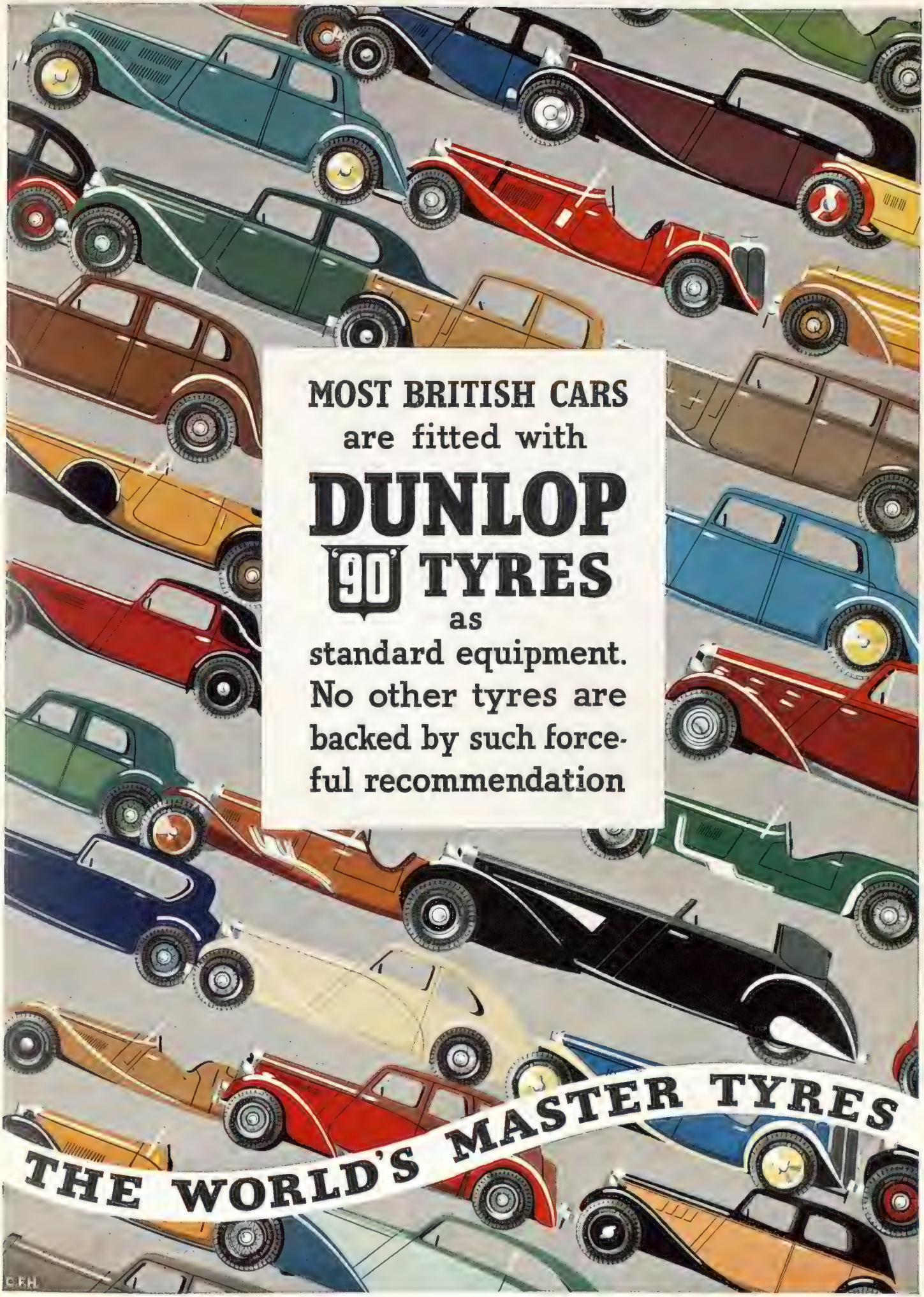
The Malcolm Trustram Eves had their small son Peter in Switzerland with them. Mrs. Eve is Canadian, was Marguerite Nanton; her husband is the K.C. son of the late Sir Herbert Trustram Eve, and the leading light of the Eagle Ski Club

Mrs. Violet Hirsch

Had her own son Nicholas and Michael Martineau out for a morning's tobogganing. Michael Martineau is Mrs. Judith Martineau's son; his mother also spent Christmas at Mürren

Mrs. Stanhope Joel

The Stanhope Joels were another family party out there over Christmas. Mrs. Joel and her two daughters, Dina and Solna, were photographed by the Palace rink. She is American, was Gladys McFadden, of Philadelphia


MOST BRITISH CARS
are fitted with
DUNLOP
90 TYRES
as
standard equipment.
No other tyres are
backed by such force-
ful recommendation
THE WORLD'S MASTER TYRES

Howard Coster, London

Lord Hugh Cecil — Provost of Eton

Lord Hugh Cecil was appointed Provost of Eton last year, in succession to the late Montague Rhodes James and has since left the House of Commons in which he had represented Greenwich from 1895 to 1906 and Oxford University for the last twenty-six years. His career, as befits a Cecil, has been devoted to the State, learning and the Church. His only political post was that of Assistant Private Secretary to his father, the late Marquess of Salisbury, when he was Foreign Secretary, but in the House of Commons he has been "by common consent one of its great orators, in the true sense of the word." He is a Fellow of Hertford College, a Burgess and D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, and Hon. LL.D., of Cambridge, Edinburgh and Durham. He is a Member of the Church Assembly and has devoted much of his time to its affairs. He is the younger brother of the present Lord Salisbury and of Lord Cecil of Chelwood, will be sixty-eight this year, was in the R.F.C. during the War, is a Trustee of the London Library. But, above all, the look of serenity, wisdom and goodness on his face speaks for the man that Eton now has as her Provost

"Bystander" Short Story No. 70

Under the Hammer

By Holloway Horn

Decoration by Eric Fraser

PAUL VANHEUSEN is of Dutch extraction. He is, moreover, one of the most highly-respected dealers in rare stamps in the city of London. Fifty-ish, and with a tendency to put on weight, he has twinkling, intelligent grey eyes and is one of the greatest authorities in the world on early U.S.A. stamps.

Some of these curious little bits of paper are worth hundreds of pounds. Vanheusen himself is a wealthy man, and the fact that his fortune has been derived from these same bits of paper—utterly useless and without value apart from their rarity—opens up an odd avenue of thought.

His chief business asset was his reputation for being "straight," and his opinion was accepted as an expert one by his fellow-dealers and collectors alike. To his shop in that dingy city street came scientists, actors, statesmen, lawyers, and to some of the greatest in the land he was "Peter."

"Can you explain the fascination of these bits of paper, Peter?" one of them asked him. "Why do *I* waste good money on them, for example?"

Vanheusen shrugged his shoulders. "I can't, sir," he said. "But as to *wasting* money . . . you might have made far worse investments than you have done to-day. In two years' time I will buy them back at a twenty per cent. increase . . . if you will sell."

One autumn evening Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pettifer came into the shop. Pettifer was one of the biggest American dealers and he had heard that Vanheusen had some mint blocks of the Omaha issue. They had met originally in Lorrimer's sale-room a week or so before.

The Pettifers examined the stamps carefully and after attempting in vain to beat Vanheusen down, bought them.

"They 're going up," said Vanheusen.

"By the way," said the American dealer, with a casualness which did not deceive Vanheusen. "I noticed you at Lorrimer's sale-room this morning. Did you look at Lot 71?"

Vanheusen consulted the catalogue which was still in his pocket: "I did," he said.

"Rather nice, I thought," said Pettifer. "The condition for *premières gravures* was not bad."

"It was excellent," said Vanheusen. "But they 've been 'cleaned.'"

"They 've practically full gum!" protested the American.

"So I noticed. Nevertheless, they are not, in my opinion, unused stamps. The postmarks have been chemically removed. The colour has lost its brilliance; the paper 's brittle. I 've very little doubt about it."

"You won't bid for them, then?" the American asked.

"I don't say that. It depends on the price, of course. Such rare stamps have a certain value even if they are 'cleaned.'"

"They looked quite okay to me," said Mrs. Pettifer sharply.

"Then you buy them, Madam," said Vanheusen, blandly.

"You seriously say they are 'cleaned' stamps?" Pettifer asked.

"I do. The job was done by an expert. Genuinely unused *premières gravures*—one of them is the ninety cents, remember—would be worth five hundred pounds."

"You 'd have no use for 'cleaned' stamps?" Pettifer asked, and winked at his wife.

It was his manner more than what he actually said that made Vanheusen cross. If it meant anything at all, it meant that he had deliberately lied in order to prevent Pettifer from bidding for a lot he himself wanted.

"I have given you my opinion as you asked me to," he said quietly.

"Yet you may bid for them?"

"I may!" agreed Vanheusen.

Pettifer glanced at his wife again: "We 're too old birds to be caught with stuff like that," he said.

"I 'm glad to hear it," replied Vanheusen.

AT the sale Pettifer nodded to Vanheusen but his lady ignored him. They sat at opposite ends of the room with the long table between them.

Among the early lots was a Colonial collection which Vanheusen wanted. So, apparently, did Pettifer, for he kept the bidding going until Peter Vanheusen had to pay rather more than he wanted to for it. The process was repeated several times before Lot 71 was reached, but Vanheusen was too old at the game to betray his annoyance.

In the catalogue, Lot 71 was described as "apparently unused," which, to the initiated, suggested that there was rather more than a doubt about them.

"Lot 71, gentlemen," old Lorrimer said. "Lovely copies, but I 'm selling them as described. What shall we say. Five pounds?"

Had the stamps been genuinely unused specimens, the price he suggested was an absurd one; they would have been worth, as most people in the room knew, nearer five hundred.

No one spoke.

"A speculative lot," the auctioneer said.

"All right—five pounds," said a little man near the rostrum.

"Six," said Mrs. Pettifer.

There were several present who believed on principle in making foreign dealers pay, and one of them said, "Seven." Vanheusen said nothing: he was watching closely and knew that Pettifer's eyes were on him.

(Concluded on page 26)

Under the Hammer

(Continued from page 25)

At twenty there was a pause in the bidding.

" I'm selling at twenty, gentlemen," the auctioneer said. " Lovely copies . . . and the element of doubt about them doesn't seem as strong as we thought it was . . ."

Vanheusen nodded. It was just a faint, almost imperceptible nod, but the auctioneer—who, of course, knew him—caught it: " Twenty-five," he said.

Mrs. Pettifer scowled.

" Thirty ! " she said.

" Thirty-five," said Vanheusen, this time, quite openly. A glance passed between Pettifer and his wife.

" Forty," she said.

Several of the dealers were looking at Vanheusen in surprise. They knew his opinion of the stamps. One of them, however, asked the attendant to show him the stamps again.

" Forty-five," he said.

" Fifty ! " came from the American dealer.

Vanheusen waited for the dealer to bid again, but his nerve failed him, so Vanheusen himself said, " Fifty-five."

Ultimately the Pettifers bought the lot for the sum of two hundred and twenty-five pounds, which, roughly, was about two hundred more than the stamps were worth if what Vanheusen had said about them was correct.

There was a buzz of conversation as the hammer fell, but Vanheusen, like the old fox, said nothing.

Shortly after he left the sale, and those who knew him wondered what the twinkle in his grey eyes meant.

He was not in the least surprised that evening when Cyrus Pettifer and his wife came into his discreet little shop.

" Look here, Vanheusen, I want a word with you," Pettifer said.

" Indeed ? " said Vanheusen, with a disarmingly innocent smile.

" You said you were not going to bid for those four *premières gravures* ! " the American went on.

" No, I didn't ! " Vanheusen protested. " I was very careful not to commit myself. I said it depended on the price."

" It isn't what we call business. It isn't straight ! " said Mrs. Pettifer, in a very unpleasant tone. " And we meant to tell you what we thought of you ! "

" In what way was it not straight ? " Vanheusen asked.

" You told us that in your opinion those stamps were ' cleaned.' "

" That 's true. It was my opinion : it still is ! You apparently don't, or you wouldn't have paid the price you did for them."

" And yet you bid over two hundred for them ! " the American sneered.

" I did. You saw me do it. It was a public auction."

" Do you mean to tell me that if you 'd really believed those stamps had been ' cleaned,' you 'd have paid two hundred for them ? "

" No," Vanheusen said. " Of course I wouldn't."

" Then what *do* you mean ? "

" I told you they were ' cleaned.' I was quite definite about it when you asked me for my opinion."

" Yes. And yet you bid up to two hundred for them ! "

" I did."

" And you still call it straight ? "

Vanheusen smiled. It was his moment. " You may as well have the whole of the truth now," he said. " Those four stamps were mine ! "

" *Your* stamps ? " Mrs. Pettifer cried.

" Yes. I discovered them in an old collection but found they were ' cleaned ' when I examined them closely, and therefore I sold them as ' apparently unused '—a trade term well-known to you. I *told* you definitely that they were ' cleaned.' You doubted my honesty. You 've paid for it ! "

Pettifer had the decency to grin, but his good lady glared. Happily, her indignation had reduced her to silence.

" You think you 're very smart, Vanheusen ? " Pettifer asked.

" In a way. I think I got my own back this time."

" And you think the little joke is finished ? "

" As far as I 'm concerned ! "

Pettifer shook his head. " Wait and see ! " he said. " Come on, Susie," he went on to his wife.

For several months Vanheusen heard nothing further from Pettifer, but one morning a prominent and wealthy American collector came into his shop.

" Good morning, Colonel Tregarra," Vanheusen greeted him. " It 's some little time since we had the pleasure of seeing you."

" I only landed yesterday, Peter. Have you any *premières gravures* ? "

" One or two."

" I bought four beauties from Cyrus Pettifer," he said.

" Oh ? If it 's not an indiscreet question, what did you pay him ? "

" Three hundred—in your money."

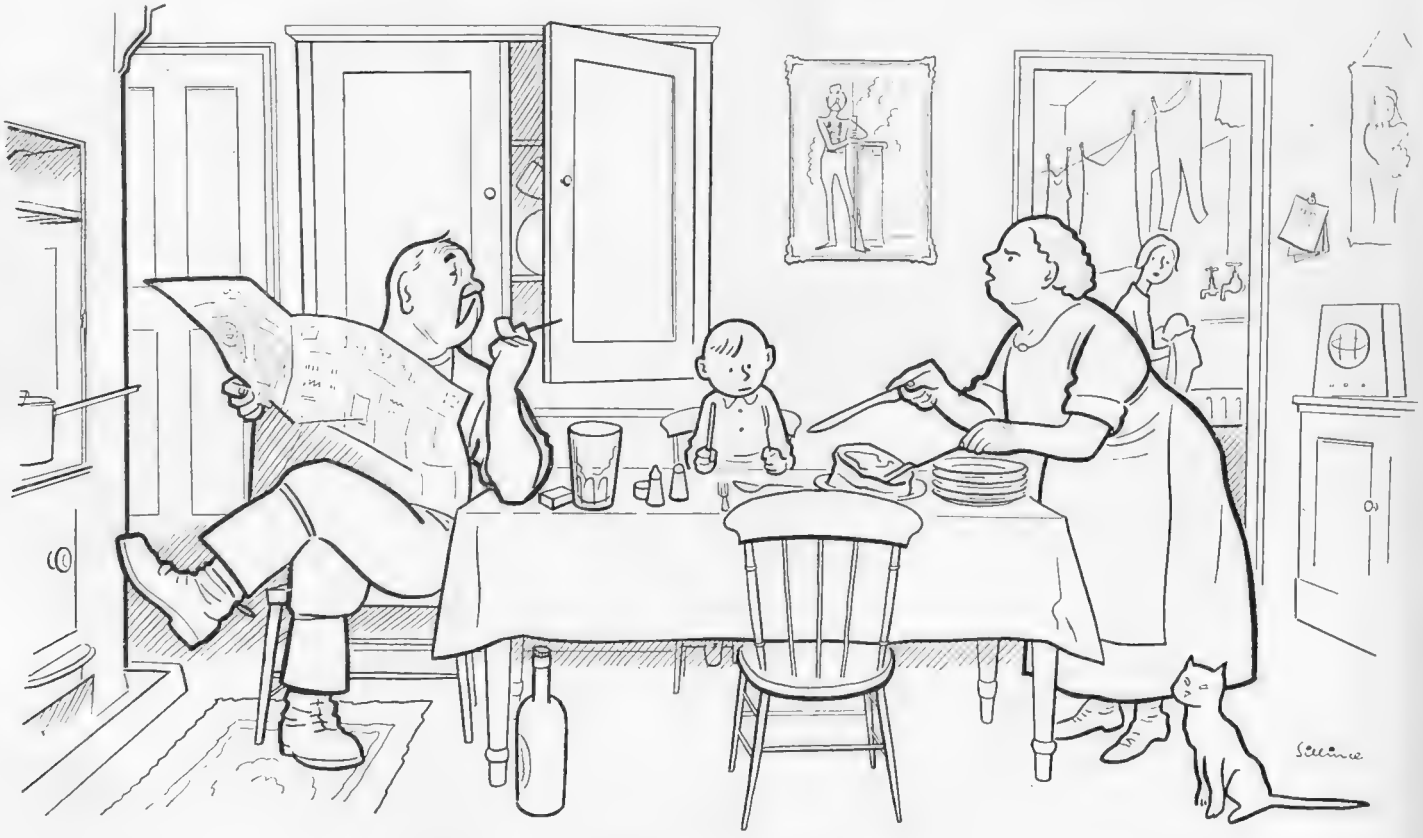
" You haven't them with you ? "

" No. But you 've seen them. He bought them under the hammer at Lorrimer's. He showed me the receipt and said you went to over two hundred for them. That was so, I suppose ? "

" Yes . . ." admitted Vanheusen after a momentary hesitation. " I did."

" Then they are good enough for me ! " said the Colonel cheerily.

And since Vanheusen knew that it was not good business to disillusion a man who thought he had a bargain, he said nothing. THE END.



" Well, just a soupçon "

John Drinkwater is one of our leading men of letters. Poet, biographer and dramatist, perhaps the play, *Abraham Lincoln*, is his best-known work. Is fifty-four, lives in Highgate Village, and belongs to the Garrick

Radclyffe Hall writes beautifully but without much relief. Picturesque first-nighter of an older generation, her prose is the reverse of slapdash. In *The Well of Loneliness* she summed up a sad subject with sincerity and made its many readers weep. Dresses unusually. Talks well

Shane Leslie, master essayist and polished commentator, is Irish and American. His latest *American Journey* is so full of interesting facts told like fiction that every student of the U.S.A. is cribbing. Seen with the dog he auctioned recently, Shane's lovely hands, side-whiskers and wit's long mouth show up. Heir to a baronetcy, father of three, including Anita

Literary Lions for the Fireside Season

The Third Cage-ful

Because she has exotic allure, Rosita Forbes's exploits are under-rated, though not by Sir Percy Sykes, of the Royal Geographical Society, whose word weighs. Her books, classed as journalese, are better rated. *The Golden Vagabond* is set in British Guiana. Good hostess, good companion, "Zita" spends half the year with husband, Col. Arthur McGrath, in London, half off the map. When sub-deb, drove ambulance in France

Left: Margaret Kennedy is also Mrs. David Davies. Her *Constant Nymph* lives even if its successors are less successful. She has a friendly house in Campden Hill Square, is clever with her needle, and an adoring mother to two girls — in fact, our most domesticated novelist, though the creator of such Bohemian scenes and characters. Her *Together and Apart* came out early in December

Below: Humbert Wolfe, poet, after-dinner speaker, Civil Servant (Ministry of Labour), critic, and so on, has a poet's shock of greying hair, a grand manner from Malvolio's century, and wit which would be cruel were its owner less well behaved. Some say he is a great poet and some a middling verse-maker

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Borstal Scholarship: By Alan Thomas

"Low Company," by Mark Benney (Peter Davies; 9s.), is one of the most astonishing books I have ever read. Here you have a man whose childhood evolved in vicious circles (his mother was a prostitute and his father a slick young Jewish bookmaker); his conversation from his tenderest years has been not with princes but with panders; his knowledge of criminal practice and procedure is equalled only by his familiarity with the interiors of reformatories and prisons; and yet, at the age of twenty-six, he can turn to and write his autobiography with the erudition of a schoolman, the descriptive power of a Priestley, and the depth of feeling, shall we say? of an Oscar Wilde. I am not exaggerating. Frankly, to me, the thing doesn't make sense. To do a thriving trade in "feelthy pictures" almost as soon as you can walk, to develop the joie de voler, the delight of stealing for the sake of stealing, at the age of thirteen or thereabouts, to commit your first burglary (apart from petty pilfering) at the age of sixteen; to spend a couple of years at Borstal and other periods of varying duration at sundry prisons—all this, if you like, makes an enviable background for any writer. In Mr. Benney's hands, however, this raw material is moulded with such delicacy, such beauty of line, such prodigality of romantic and classical allusion, that one reader at least kept asking himself: where is the catch? Whence comes this polished style, this erudition? Mr. Benney's publisher, like the Cumæan Sibyl, obscuris vera involvens, answers the question by describing it as "perhaps an insoluble mystery. Be that as it may," he adds, "*Low Company* . . . can be guaranteed to enthral—and instruct—an infinite variety of readers." It can. By his depredations, Mr. Benney may certainly have left several of his fellow creatures the poorer; his book has left English literature the richer. *Low Company*, moreover, is a book which no prospective burglar can afford to miss.

Sally Ryan is an Epstein Protegée

She has already made a big success of her art; her portrait busts include Lady Maidstone, Captain Victor Cazalet, Paul Robeson and the Canadian poet, Ralph Gustafson, and she plans to hold a London exhibition this year. Miss Ryan is American; her London home is in Lowndes Square, where this picture was taken of her and her bust of a Martinique negress

For me the enchantments of Miss Elizabeth Garner's *Duet in Discord* (Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.) lay not in the story, but in its West Indian setting. So skilfully has she drenched her book with the lush, slightly theatrical atmosphere of the tropics, that one is almost beguiled into swallowing whole this history of an unhappy love affair between a young man of twenty-six and a woman of forty-three. It is told by the heroine, after the episode is ended. She holds this inquest on the dead love to find out where and why it all went wrong. Every permutation, every combination of their love is recorded with so much physiological and psychological detail that little is left unsaid. The passion which sprang up as swiftly as one of the tropical storms that Miss Garner describes with such authentic beauty was arrested in its physical manifestation by a sudden and tragic inability on the part of the man. The resultant wretched frustration of the two is vividly and painfully recounted. Their quarrels, the woman's anguished devotion and its effect of driving her lover to calculated cruelty, are all made to seem the inevitable outcome of the physical situation. I suspect that if this tale of passion had to stand on its own merits, it would pass only among those who prefer their sex neat. Fortunately, it is so diluted by the background against which it is told, that I shall more easily forget Miss Garner's tortured lovers than her lovely descriptions of island and sea.

Mr. J. B. Morton ("Beachcomber" of the *Daily Express*) has just brought out another volume of extracts. He calls it *Gallimanfry* (Jonathan Cape; 5s.). They are all there—Roland Milk, Dr. Strabismus (whom God preserve) of Utrecht, Lady Cabstanleigh (in her Ascot vieux rose goloshes), Dr. Smart Allick, Prodnose, and the rest—and long may they continue. One would have thought that Mr. Morton had been on the beach long enough to have combed it pretty thoroughly by now. But he has two great stand-bys. One is that tide in the affairs of men which washes up so much that is unexpected, not to say fantastic, on to Mr. Morton's beach. The other is his own mother wit, enlivened by the "spouting well of joy within that never yet was dried." The impact of these two forces might be described as Morton contra mundum. This particular collection, we are informed on the wrapper, "has been made with great care, so as to cover as wide a range as possible, and the whole forms a running commentary on the world as it is to-day." This observation frightens me a little. There is enough method in "Beachcomber's" madness without the introduction of any cataloguing, tabulating, minuting or pigeon-holing. Ever let the fancy roam, as Keats said in another connection. I prefer the way the previous books were done—with scattered entries. Time enough for classification a hundred years hence. ("Run into the library, my dear, and fetch Volume IV. of the calf-bound Strabismus.") But until "Beachcomber" becomes a museum piece, let us have as much *Gallimanfry* as we can.

Another first-class entertainment is *The Nonsensibus*, compiled by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Methuen; 8s. 6d.). Here are over four hundred pages of hilarious nonsense, a good deal of which, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis says in his prefatory Notice to Passengers, "will be at once found . . . actually to mean something." *Nonsensibus*, in other words, is a book of real nonsense, as opposed to silly nonsense. Its scope ranges from Rabelais to Sellar and Yeatman, via such masters of nonsensical wisdom as Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Bret Harte, Lewis Carroll, Barry Pain, G. K. C. and Hilaire Belloc. I doubt if such a superb anthology of inspired foolery has ever appeared between two covers before.

Mr. Ivor Montagu's successful film *Blighty* has, I see, been turned into a three-act play, entitled *Only Yesterday*, by Adrian Brunel (George Newnes, Ltd.; 2s. 6d.). I mention the fact, not because *Only Yesterday* appears to be another *Journey's End* (it doesn't), but because it is a capable and sincere piece of work with a serious purpose. It aims at showing that not everybody on the home front during the last war was so completely de-civilised as a modern reader of some of the contemporary newspapers might suppose, and at demonstrating the effect that war had on some of the conventions. I enjoyed reading the play, and I should think it would act quite well. But I couldn't escape the uncomfortable feeling that whatever good or bad effects the last war had, another war—if it ever comes—is going to smash something more than the conventions.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

There are no very drastic changes in the new ensembles for early spring. The loose swagger line which lasted for so long is still present in country tweeds, while a more fitting style is favoured for town and formal occasions. Generally speaking, however, shoulders are square, waists small, and skirts flared. The new cut-away line is reflected in the model on the right from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. It is carried out in black wool marocain, embroidered with silk soutache. The three-quarter coat has a youthful flare, accentuated by the inverted pleats at the back which swing open as the wearer moves. A white cloque waistcoat lends an added *chic*, and the price is 14½ guineas

News In Headlines

For cocktail-parties and smart occasions, there is the bonnet above, also in black felt with insertions of straw. The crown is tucked and a spotted veil, loosely pleated, falls over the face. Like the other models on this page, it comes from Woollands, who, incidentally, specialise in cruising hats. These are made of linen, straw and stitched silk, with shady brims which protect the eyes against the glare of tropical sunshine. They are available in white and pastel shades, together with lightweight felts that are easy to pack and extremely hard-wearing, important considerations for women who enjoy travelling

Halo hats have become almost as perennial as the beret, returning in some form or other every season. The one pictured above is distinctive as well as becoming, and may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge. Expressed in black felt, it follows a backward sweep, while a narrow band of felt grips the forehead. An exotic feather mount lends a touch of colour

Jaunty caps and berets are becoming with furs, as there is nothing to get in the way of a luxurious collar. On the right is a charming Glengarry in peach-bloom velvet with a long quill set at a rakish angle. It can be made in any colour, and is very smart with tailormades. The most noticeable characteristic about the mid-season hats is the gradual descent of crowns. A few retain a conical line like the Chinese coolie hats, while Roman helmets sponsored by one designer are novel rather than becoming. Ciré satin and petersham are used for small pillar-box shapes trimmed with veiling or a single flower

Dover Street Studios

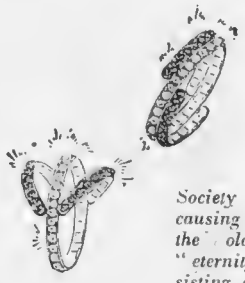
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA
PICTURED BY PAM

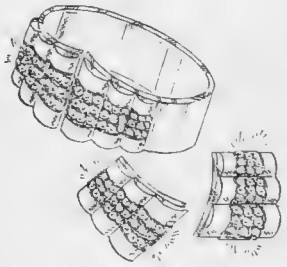
The various stages of a cocktail-party ending up with a glass of Eno's is related in miniature by the enamel bottles which adorn this chain bracelet from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent St.

The "Lady with the Lamp" is a charming figure who will do credit to any drawing-room. She costs 25s. at Rivoli's, dressed in artistic colours, with a painted parasol which acts as a shade to the electric bulb

Frivolous as a butterfly in flight is this lovely bag from Rose Taylor, 60, Grosvenor Street. The wings are of black antelope, and the body carved ebony. It is lined with satin, and contains a comb, mirror and purse

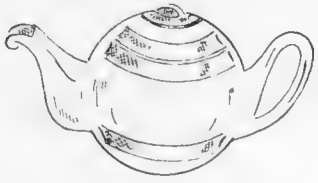


Society brides are causing a revival in the old-fashioned "eternity" rings consisting of a diamond hoop attached with hinges to two half circles of precious stones. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will make them to order



The accessories' shop in Rose Taylor's luxurious premises should be a joy to every woman, as it is teeming with original ideas. Sketched above is a massive bangle set with Rhinestones, which takes to pieces and forms two decorative dress clips

A clock which is also a calendar is an excellent investment from Rivoli, the new gift shop at Gooch's, Brompton Road. This one is in chromium and black enamel, and costs £2 18s. 6d.



Something hot to drink last thing at night or first thing in the morning is very comforting, and easily achieved with the new "Keep-Hot" teapot for 12s. 6d. at Rivoli's. It is made with an outer casing of metal lined felt, which is like a vacuum, and retains the heat for twenty-four hours

There is something gay and Continental about the travelling scarf on the right, strewn with printed posters and foreign advertisements of fashionable hotels and resorts. It is edged with navy blue, and costs 29s. 6d. at Rose Taylor

Golf Clubs at Home: Stanmore, Middlesex

Stanmore Golf Club was founded in 1893 by a small band of enthusiasts who had little opportunities of playing their game near London. In 1919 a thorough reorganisation was carried out and the present course laid down, with Dr. A. Mackenzie as consulting architect, resulting in two loops of nine holes, just over 6000 yards. Stanmore is now considered to be one of the driest courses in Middlesex, not to mention one of the most sporting and varied

W. F. Narbey, W. R. Mole (ex-captains), W. Gray (captain), S. Cole (ex-captain), T. J. Potter, J. Wylie (ex-captain), W. J. Starkie, R. McKenzie ("Mac"; professional) and J. T. Smith

G. Lawlar (sec.), R. Hilleary and A. E. Tonks (committee members)

Captain T. D. Spencer

J. Gedye

R. G. Pollard

J. Rodger

Guy Nicholls and Captain A. B. Mawer

T. Fothergill-Shernan and C. J. Piercy (committee member)

I.12a.

when enduring
the
unutterable boredom
of waiting
for
a
train . . .

have you ever noticed
what
a
blessing
a
cigarette
can
be ? . . .

it's such
a delightfully unobtrusive
and
friendly companion
that it's
a tremendous help
in
whiling away
the time.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

A united team of the two Universities (above) met a team from the Cervinia Ski-ing Club the day before the first inter-Varsity race, in a 700-metre descent of four miles, won by the Italian, Zertanna

Robert Redl this jump unde long-distance

The Oxford and Cambridge Ski Races at Cervinia

The First Big Event of the Snow Season

Above: Mrs. Paul Gallegos represented the C.I.T. (Italian State Railways) and looked after the general welfare of the teams and their followers. She was Penelope Burn before she married Don José Gallegos' youngest son in July

Right: Peter Wrenford (Jesus, Cambridge) crossed the line on one ski in the downhill race against the local club. He was third in the inter-Varsity downhill with 4 min., 11 secs.

Photographs by Swaebe

College) used a stone ramp as take-off for rhorn's shadow. He came third in the second in the downhill and slalom

Above: J. N. O. Curle, who got fourth place for Oxford in the long-distance race, J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson, the Oxford captain, and the Hon. Robert Wilson were photographed on Plan Maison

The 1936 Oxford and Cambridge ski races were held at the high Italian resort on the base of the Matterhorn, known earlier as Breuil but renamed Cervinia in honour of the occasion. It was the first of the big events of the season, and the Italian Government set itself, after the move over from Sestrières, to do everything it could for the teams and followers. Cambridge's victory against a strong Oxford team by three events to none was their sixth win; Oxford have won five contests. D. G. Kingsford, Cambridge captain and strong favourite, won the long-distance race, J. W. H. Cunningham the downhill. In the slalom Oxford had first two places but lost on the aggregate time

Right: M. A. Anderson and D. G. Kingsford got second and first places for Cambridge in the long-distance (langlauf) race, Kingsford, the Cambridge captain (and rowing Blue) finishing in 55 min. Anderson won the C.I.T. Cup for jumping

Cav. Dino Lora, Mayor of Valtournanche, presented the Italian Government Cup to the combined University team which beat the Cervinia Club. Valtournanche is the start of the 9 km. of road to Cervinia (Breuil that was). Kingsford is taking the cup, Mrs. Paul Gallegos in background

Right: Mr. Swaebe came round the corner to find Joe Cunningham, Dr. J. H. Schulmann and Desmond Kingsford rehearsing for the snow ballet (perhaps). Cunningham (Pembroke, Cambridge) won the downhill in 3 min. 41 sec.

Winter Sports at Home

Hunting in Scotland

Left: Lady Sylvia Maitland, her mother, Lady Lauderdale, and her fiancé, Lord Carew, were out with the Buccleuch the day they met at Floors Castle, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe's place at Kelso. Lady Sylvia Maitland and Lord Carew announced their engagement about two weeks ago

Racing in Somerset

Hunting in Yorkshire

Colonel Heneage and his attractive daughter-in-law, Mrs. David Heneage, were at the Boxing Day steeplechase meeting at Wincanton

Below: Lady Elmley and her sister-in-law, Lady Lettice Cotterell, walked round together at Cheltenham during the one-day meeting there last week—a profitable day for regulars, as four favourites won

Racing at Newbury

Lord and Lady Feversham were host and hostess to the Sinnington at Nawton Tower last week, and Mrs. Anthony Eden and Mr. Martyn Beckett were out hunting with them. Mrs. Eden is cousin and step-sister of Lord Feversham, and half-sister to Mr. Beckett, and he and Lord Feversham are half-brothers — a most complicated family. Lord Feversham is joint-Master and huntsman of the Sinnington

Left: Lady Sibell Lygon, Lord Carnarvon, and his son Lord Porchester, who will be thirteen this month, were racing at Newbury; the two-day Old Year meeting there started in spring-like sunshine

Racing at Cheltenham

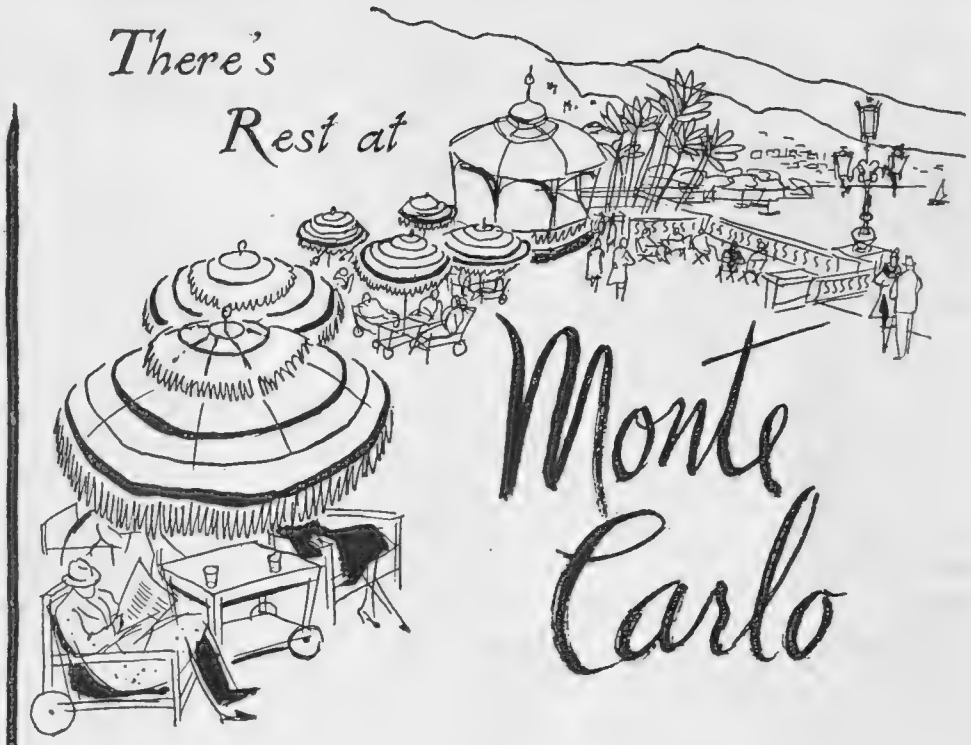
CALENDAR

JANUARY — MARCH 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Dog Show, *April 3-4*; Monte Carlo Theatre —Season of Comedies and Operettas has already opened.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), Club Championships, *January 11 - 17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22 - 28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Jacques THIBAUD, *February 17*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.



REST on your oars awhile. You work too hard—you play too much. Pause, and relax, and renew your strength in change of air and atmosphere. The tonic airs, the quiet comforts of Monte Carlo are what you need. . .

YOU will breakfast on your balcony, in the warmth of a sun that can always be relied on. Then out, for a stroll through the flower-gay gardens, your morning paper and a drink on the terrace; or a beneficial hour of the new slimming treatment at the Etablissement Thermal. Lunch (outside or in, as you feel inclined) . . . and you find that care has flown, as the day moves calmly on by the glittering, sun-kissed sea. An evening of musical enchantment, and then, refreshed in body and mind, to a long untroubled sleep.

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The First Golf Meeting of 1937

THE first golfing event of importance in 1937 starts to-morrow: namely, the President's Putter meeting at Rye. It has been obvious for some time that more than sixty-four entries are likely to be received for this tournament, and as sixty-four is the largest number of players who can compete if the Putter competition is not to take more than three days, the old custom of accepting entries until just before the draw, the night before play starts, has had to be abandoned. Previously, more than sixty-four entries have been received; but before the draw, some of those, whose opinions of their own play coincided with that of better judges of the game, have preferred to withdraw rather than to see the meeting fizzle out in a final on the Monday morning.

For the coming meeting, entries had to be received early last December, by which time 72 players had entered, and four very good players had been sufficiently careless to forget to enter, but as the places of those who are forced to scratch can be filled from a waiting list, these players may, in spite of their carelessness, get places in the draw.

SOME matches will have to be played on the Thursday to reduce the number of matches on the Friday morning to thirty-two. There should be at least one very fine match on the Thursday, when L. G. Crawley meets P. H. F. White. I suggested early last year that both these golfers should play in the Walker Cup match against America.

In the first round on the Friday morning, giants have to cut each other's throats, and there will be some particularly interesting matches. The holder, Wethered, plays A. J. Evans, whom he beat in the final of this tournament in 1935 by the narrow margin of 2 and 1. Wethered last year was fortunate to have two easy matches on the first day, and consequently was able to have a look at the course and also to play himself into practice without being unduly harassed. This year he will have to go full out from the word "go," and I have no doubt that Evans will find it a less difficult job to play Wethered in the first round than in the last.

ANOTHER very good match is the one in which E. F. Storey meets J. B. Beck; they have both played in Walker Cup matches, and, what is more, have both deserved their places in the team. Storey was in the final of 1926, when play was abandoned, with the match all square, after 24 holes, owing to darkness, and he and his opponent, Wethered, were both allowed to hang a ball on the Putter. J. B. Beck has been captain of the Rye Golf Club, so lack of local knowledge can not be the cause of defeat in this match.

Many think that P. B. Lucas versus Major W. H. H. Aitken will be a good match, but personally I can see only one result here.

I DO not remember a year when the professional golfers of Great Britain had so much money to play for as they had in 1936. The *Daily Mail* tournament, which had not been played for several years, again took place; and the *News-Chronicle* promoted a new professional tournament at Brighton, assisted by the town of Brighton in the same sort of way that Southport assists the Dunlop Rubber Company in the Southport-Dunlop tournament.

There was so much professional golf in 1936 that it was not found possible to find a date for the Roehampton Invitation Tournament, which usually opens the professional golfers' season.

THERE appeared to be no serious challenge in the Open Championship from overseas. Entries from the United States were few; they included Sarazen, but as he did not allow himself time to get acclimatised or for sufficient practice, he had little hope of success. Ted Turner, from the famous Pine Valley Golf Club, is a neat and reliable player, but hardly good enough at present to cause us any anxiety, and Joe Ezar is also not quite good enough.

Entries from the Continent included M. Dallemagne and A. Boyer, and one of them—Dallemagne—did extremely well to finish third with Henry Cotton, while the other played so far below his form that he failed to qualify. It is really very extraordinary how year after year a very, very good professional fails to survive the qualifying rounds; this year it was Boyer's turn to be the unlucky one—and Boyer is an extremely good player, who a few years ago was considered by good judges to be a likely winner of the Open in the near future. Later in the season Boyer won both the German and the Belgian Open Championships, beating Cotton by one shot on each occasion. Dallemagne is also a very good player, and has been so for several years. I remember him playing extremely well with Walter Hagen, the winner, in the Open at Royal St. George's, a few years ago. Dallemagne proved that his performance at Hoylake was no flash in the pan by tying with Henry Cotton in the French Open Championship just afterwards, and by beating him in the play-off over 36 holes with scores of 70 and 69.

There is so much to write about professional golf in 1936, that I shall have to give it my attention in a later article.

Jack McLean Turns Pro.

The loss of Jack McLean to British amateur golf is a big one, but his decision to turn professional is as comprehensible as Fred Perry's. Twenty-five years old, Scottish champion three years in succession, and twice Irish Open champion, he has found it impossible to combine golf with other business. He takes up his work at Buchanan Castle on March 1st

Christmas Golf at Royal St. George's

J. B. Beck and Charles Hambro were photographed at Sandwich leaving the eighteenth green after a Boxing Day's round

This England . . .

Exmoor Landscape

THE "everlasting hills" of England have not the majesty of some foreign alp, but who has not rested on a hillside to watch the shadows of the clouds slide past—like changing thoughts upon a well-loved face. Part of us they are and in some sort like us—or we like them. Staunch beneath the wildest storms, yet mellowed and made gentle by centuries of them . . . broad in their outlook, generous in their nature . . . giving of themselves in rich, grass-fed beef and bold, great-hearted beer like Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

And 1937 ?

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

AFTER discussing 1936 last week, the obvious thing for this seems to be 1937. Having headed the page thus, I am struck by its likeness to the cover of the *Radio Times*, and am at once lured off down the sidetrack of golf and broadcasting. Why does the Royal and Ancient game receive so small a share of the thousands of hours when something or other in the form of words is being hurled through the ether ? Why do we have no golfing instruction by wireless ? Why do so few events figure at the humble end of the news ?

Probably plenty of stasti . . . this is a terribly difficult word to spell at a festive season, even if you have only been merry and bright on ginger wine. Let me start again, and if it is a failure this time, find a synonym. Statistics could probably be produced to show that all the one hundred and forty thousand women golfers who are members of clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. (that 's an essay in statistics all my own ; I have no official authority for the precise figures) do receive a due proportion of broadcasting about their game during the year, the allowance being calculated down to the last decimal point against the supposed football, racing, and other enthusiasts. Personally, I mistrust all statistics, even though I am growing quite used to spelling the word. I know, for instance, that the BYSTANDER once issued a questionnaire to its readers, and amongst the questions were " Have you ever played in a BYSTANDER Foursome ? " Four hundred people said " Yes," but actually I happened to have kept an index of how many had played up to that date, and they were four thousand. Figures can lie.

ACCORDINGLY, whatever the B.B.C. may say in defence, I shall maintain that we could do with a little more broadcasting about golf. Of course the amateurs must not give instruction, under peril of ex-communication, but there are others. Henry Cotton, for example, is a most inspiring lecturer in the flesh ; Padgham or Robson, or various other of the great masters would surely send us all switching on, quite apart from those we have already heard : J. H. Taylor, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mr. Henry Longhurst, and Clark the caddy, the Pentulengro of the links.

Or is the B.B.C. cynical enough to hold that the golfers are so fond of the sound of their own voices, recounting why they put their tee shot out of bounds at the fourth, or missed the three-footer at the eighteenth, or why they failed to break ninety in the last medal, that they would never stop to listen to anybody else ?

Or is their whole attitude comprehended in the reply which I once received on suggesting a golfing talk in the children's hour, at a time when other games were being dealt with : " The B.B.C. do not consider that golf is a suitable game for inclusion in the Children's Hour " ? Perhaps the B.B.C. has not progressed beyond the idea, only lately outgrown by *Punch* and the designers of Christmas cards, that golf is confined to apoplectic colonels, using bad language and a niblick with equally bad results. I wonder ; for if so it might be advisable to invite some of them down to watch the Girls' Championship.

But here am I supposed to be writing about 1937, and we have got no further than the B.B.C.

THINGS seem to promise pretty well, and with Turnberry for the British, St. Enodoc for the English, Gleneagles Hotel King's Course for the Scottish, Portrush for the Irish, and Porthcawl for the Welsh, every champion will be able to say that her title has been won on a worthy course.

Internationally, we are lucky, for the French match is to be at West Sussex, and it is everything that the match should be played where all the selection committee can see for themselves, because this is really the year, and that the match, when things that will count can happen in preparation for the match against U.S.A. to be played in America in 1938. It is no good waiting until 1938 comes to build and train the right team for that battle : the players who can show themselves of the right stuff this year and keep up the reputation early in 1938 must have a better chance of inclusion and — which is far more important — of doing well when included, than those who only make a bubble reputation on the eve, so to speak, of the trip across the Atlantic.

The Winners of the "Bystander" Foursomes at Nice

Mme. M. Lambert and Comte A. Adorni were the winners of the 1936 Mixed Foursomes for the "Bystander" Cup at Nice. The competition, for which there were forty-four entries, was played just before Christmas

Two Champions of 1936

Miss Carrie Tiernan won the Irish Championship last year, and Miss Jessie Anderson, the little Scottish girl who is such a brave and determined player, is now champion of France

BEYOND question, playing well in an International match needs some sort of special temperamental gifts not always included in the make-up of otherwise brilliant golfers. We have had enough tours, enough matches, enough championships, since international golf became part of the programme, to have a pretty good idea who can be trusted when the pinch comes. To ignore that evidence, even in favour of extensive preliminary trials, plus handicaps, and all the rest of it, is a bold policy. Some would call it harder names.

What does seem essential is that the Selection Committee for the American match in 1938 should be appointed now, so that instead of having a mass of undigested *data* thrust at them when that year comes in, the members should have a chance to study form closely, watch the players, and draw their own conclusions over as long a period as possible. If we could win that match, I dare wager every one of them would feel a few months' extra work had been well worth doing.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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JANUARY

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MAKE A NOTE OF THE 50% REDUCTION IN FRENCH RAILWAY FARES FOR THE

PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION — 1937

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Prospects for the First International

RECOVERING, by a mighty effort of will, from Christmas, we now approach the high spots of the Rugby year. By the time these words appear beneath the critical gaze of my readers, the selectors will probably have made up their minds about the England team to meet Wales on Saturday week.

I think myself that it should be a good team, though the selectors have passed through periods of great bewilderment, if we may judge by the trial teams they have picked. Sometimes it is a little difficult to follow the reasoning which governs their choice of players, but then, they always have inside knowledge denied to the humble critic. There was, for instance, no doubt a very good reason why they brought A. Key hundreds of miles to shiver on the touch-line as reserve at Workington, and then did not give him a show when B. C. Gadney fell out of the second trial at Bristol.

To the uninitiated this seems illogical, though it did give J. G. Sowerbutts an opportunity to prove that he has the big match temperament. It still seems illogical to me, but then, selector-baiting is not one of my hobbies.

CERTAINLY I do not blame the selectors for this qualification muddle, for they are the victims of an unfortunate convention. I object to the principle which causes selectors to grab players for their respective countries, irrespective of common-sense rules of qualification, and despite the fact that H. D. Freakes is now reported to have English-born parents, I continue to think that his selection for England would be an injustice to home-bred players like G. W. Parker and R. J. Barr.

Having had my grouse, I am now prepared to admit that Freakes is a grand player, and I have an idea that we shall find him selected for the Welsh match. If that is so, good luck to him, and a truce to argument. With V. G. Jenkins playing for Wales, the art of the full-back will surely be most worthily represented.

THIS promises to be a glorious game, and it is interesting to note the conservatism of the Welsh selectors. They are apparently proposing to adhere as nearly as may be to the back division which performed so doughtily against New Zealand in that famous struggle at Cardiff last winter. A. Basset may take the place of G. R. Rees-Jones on the wing, and Cliff Jones, alas! is out of action, but it seems likely that the selectors retain their faith in Idwal Rees, and Claude Davey remains to shake the England centre with his tremendous tackling. And if Tanner and Davies are both fit, as we hope they will be, Wales have a great pair of half-backs.

THE main problem in Wales is to find a worthy pack of forwards, a real scrummaging pack which will make opportunities for these brilliant backs. Here I am inclined to think that national characteristics play their part. The Welshman, all honour to him in a machine-made age, is essentially an individualist. Welsh backs, I know, combine admirably, but combination among three-quarters and half-backs depends upon individual skill. There is about it none of the selfless subordination demanded of a forward who labours unseen in the common cause.

I may be carrying a theory too far but it has always seemed to me that the Welsh forward is fundamentally incapable of merging his individuality to suit the demands of a scrummaging machine. The selectors may pick eight fine forwards, but they are likely to remain eight individuals to the end of the game. I see, incidentally, that H. M. Hughes, of Oxford, has advanced into selectorial favour, and a grand destructive skirmisher he is. He will have to be careful if he plays at Twickenham, however, for he is very apt to fall offside, and penalties can be awkward things.

ENGLAND are also rather in the doldrums over their forward problem. I daresay it will be all right on the day, but so far there has been a distressing lack of leadership and shove. The selectors have turned against the heavyweight theory which served them so well against New Zealand, and now we have the more mobile forward on view. He may be more mobile in the open, and I think he is, but his conceptions of scrummaging are lamentably vague. And there is one front-row forward—no names, no pack-drill—who packs at least six inches higher than his companions, with the most rounded back I ever saw in this class of football.

Where, we may well ask, are the Luddingtons and Gardners, the little, stocky, immensely powerful men who not only made the front row as solid as a brick wall, but were able to shove underneath their longer opponents, and so fulfil one of the cardinal principles of successful scrummaging? I know that in general a good big 'un is better than a good little 'un, but where the front row is concerned, give me the stocky, thickset fellow with big shoulders and a bull neck every time. We seem to have forgotten this principle of scrummage building, though it used to be regarded as of some importance.

John Brett

Has been elected captain of the Oxford XV. for 1937-8, in succession to "Mac" Cooper. He is a Durham and St. Edmund Hall man

Two From Last Friday's Welsh Trial at Cardiff

One is H. M. Hughes (left), Lampeter and University College, Oxford, a forward, and the other is Arthur Rees, an Old Blue (Cambridge) and International cap; he has just passed out of the police college at Hendon and is starting work as a junior inspector at Putney

WHAT interests me greatly at the moment, though, is the Scottish experiment of the non-specialist pack. We have yet to see the fruits of it, but it does suggest a return to first principles which may have considerable effects. I saw a Scottish team in action the other day, incidentally—the Fettesian-Lorettonians—and very pleasant football they played. They had a centre from the West of Scotland—W. R. Nicholson—who looked very good indeed. If there are many better ones north of the Tweed, then the Scotsmen are most fortunate, and much to be feared.

This game, I may add, was remarkably refreshing. The Scotsmen were playing the Old Cranleighans at Thames Ditton, and I don't know when I enjoyed an afternoon more. It was all so friendly and informal, and if the football was exceptionally keen and good, it was also played in exactly the right spirit before a crowd of real enthusiasts. A game to bear in mind, in fact, with the solemnities of representative football ahead of us.

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Free holiday in St. Moritz and free air journey return from London offered as prizes for the best articles on St. Moritz, the Winter Sports Resorts—Competition.

M.3a

What's On (Continued from page A)

CINEMAS (Continued)

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Extraordinarily moving negro interpretation of Christian mythology from Marc Connelly's fable; genuine throughout: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (British).—Ann Harding gives the love, Basil Rathbone is the stranger; from the stage thriller of that name: London Pavilion.

MAYERLING (FRENCH).—Last three days of Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

RAMONA (American).—Based on Helen Hunt Jackson's Red Indian novel, with Loretta Young in the lead; technicolour: Tivoli.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN:

HÄNSEL AND GRETEL.—To-day, 6th, 2.30.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—To-night, 6th, 8.15.
MANON LESCAUT.—Thurs., 7th, 8.15.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Fri., 8th, 8.15.
BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Sat., 9th, 8.15.
SALAMÉ and GIANNI SCHICCHI.—Mon., 11th, 8.15.
BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Tues., 12th, 8.15.

SADLER'S WELLS:

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—To-night, 6th, 8.
AÏDA.—Thurs., 7th, 7.45.
HÄNSEL AND GRETEL and THE NURSERY SUITE.—Sat., 9th, 2.30.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CASSE NOISETTE, DOUANES.—Fri., 8th. 8.30.
LES RENDEZVOUS, PROMETHEUS, LES SYLPHIDES.—Tues., 12th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recital

CLIFFORD CURZON.—Schumann's Kinder szenen and Phantasie in C, Schubert's Sonata in D: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 9th, 3.

Orchestral

THE STOCK EXCHANGE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Queen's Hall, Tues., 12th, 8.15.

EXHIBITION

BRITISH ARCHITECTURE IN THE 20TH CENTURY.—Burlington House (opens Mon., 11th).

DANCING AND DINING

In the Restaurants

COQ D'OR.—The newest restaurant, in Provençal auberge style; excellent food (some amusing specialities); no music.

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is an attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The midnight floor-show is called *Paris Tour du Monde*; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The *Folies d'Amour* cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

LUIGI'S.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—The Music Hall Boys entertain; Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers play for dancing.

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ROUGE

Tangee rouge, also, possesses the same colour magic as the lipstick. As its colour is natural in any light, it is the ideal rouge for both day-time and night-time use. Packed in smart gunmetal box with mirror and puff. Natural or Theatrical 5/6.

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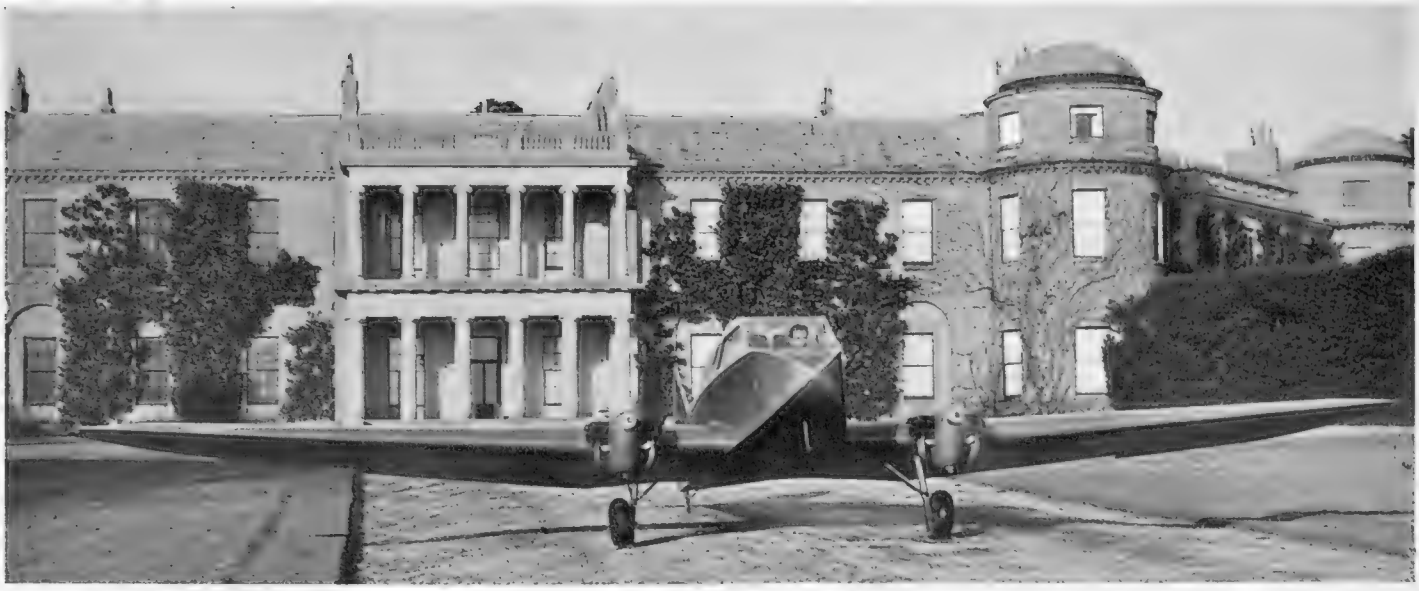

Your Grace, the carriage is without! The new three-seater designed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, in collaboration with E. G. Hordern, a well-known test pilot, is seen outside Goodwood House

Cheaper Flying in 1937

By Charles Ward

Learning on the Ground

THE ingenuity of Herr Robert Kronfeld, best known as the Austrian gliding expert, coupled with the foresight and generosity of Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P., has resulted in a practical scheme for cheaper and probably safer flying. As in the early days, the pupil teaches himself to fly, starting with a ground trainer and progressing by one further stage to a modern aeroplane in miniature. The importance of ground training, in the sense of taxi-ing, turning on the ground, coping with a strong cross-wind, has been rather overlooked in recent years, though this has been partly due to the expense of the normal two-seater. Clubs couldn't afford to allow their pupils to dash about the aerodrome, for a crash into a hedge would cost a propellor at least, besides keeping the aircraft unserviceable when there were pilots waiting to fly. Kronfeld's scheme is to teach a man on a "contraption"—it is difficult to describe it otherwise—consisting of a boom with a tail at the rear, an undercarriage, a nose wheel, engine, airscrew, and two large ailerons on a cross-bar. On the ground, this device can be manœuvred at any speed up to 40 miles an hour, and it will buck like a bronco. The next stage is to turn the contraption into a real flying-machine by the addition of a pair of wings. The pupil sits in a deck chair, exposed to all the winds that blow, which is the only disadvantage. Leather coats, Sidcot suits, furs and woollen mufflers are in fashion once more.

Lower Costs—More Pilots

HERR KRONFELD, having demonstrated that his broomstick would fly, Mr. Lindsay Everard promptly bought it for the Leicestershire County Club, which had already received from him one of the original ground trainers. With a Ford engine, the trainer costs £195, and the Club charges nine shillings an hour to its members, who pay an annual subscription of two guineas. The third stage in the progression is to fly the "Drone" single-seater, which has, of course, been well proved as a safe and reliable aircraft. The open model costs £270, cruises comfortably at 55 to 60, and is to be had at fifteen shillings an hour. It should therefore be possible to obtain an "A" licence for less than £10 spent on actual training, and exclusive of the Club subscription. Flying Flea enthusiasts, who have been somewhat damped by the failure of their home-made aircraft, and by the series of crashes that have occurred, not confined to novices, should examine the Kronfeld proposition. The Leicestershire Club has about 100 members, which, in the absence of a patron, is the minimum number required at two guineas a head in order to buy a primary trainer. But there can be few districts that do not contain a local sportsman of the calibre of Mr. Everard, who will assist in the purchase of the full flying range.

The French helicopter, built by Breguet, which flew for an hour, ascending and descending vertically. It is the first of its class to have covered a considerable distance—28 miles in a closed circuit

What of the New Year?

TO assess the possibilities of the New Year it is necessary to recall some of the achievements of the Old. Having regained one of the major world's records, that for height at nearly 50,000 feet, we are well set to improve on that figure, and to explore the stratosphere, that mysterious space in which it is supposed we shall travel in great comfort at an unbelievable speed. Short Brothers, aided and abetted by Imperial Airways, and powered by Bristols, have proved that we know more about flying-boats than any other nation, for the Empire class is faster, carries more load, and looks like being more economical than those much vaunted Sikorskys and Martins that span the Pacific. So much for the pessimists who tell us that everything American is better than ours. In land-aircraft we are not so proud—at least, not in the civil sense. Figures of performance on the military side are wisely withheld, but, commercially, we are still operating at less than 150 miles an hour, though our comfort and safety is second to none. In this New Year we are promised mailplanes by de Havilland, cruising easily at 200, and liners by Armstrongs, carrying 40 passengers at 150. The Short-Mayo has yet to be tested. It is without doubt the most daring experiment, and by this token may well succeed in confounding its critics.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 6 — January 12

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30 only.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie (author) and Bergner (name-part) interpret the Bible in characteristic fashion; Godfrey Tearle as a full-blooded Saul, Martin-Harvey as Samuel: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—History has been coloured with Royalist flavour to make this fine drama; Barry Jones, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, George Merritt: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Laurence Olivier as the sombre Prince, Cherry Cottrell as Ophelia, and a powerful cast in Tyrone Guthrie's production of the play in its entirety: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, with Louis Borell and O. B. Clarence in efficient support: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Katherine Page, Jean Clyde, and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 and 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Angela Baddeley is now playing Elizabeth, the rest of the cast is the same in this welcome revival: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WASTE.—Granville Barker's fine play has Nicholas Hannen, Catherine Lacey and Gillian Scaife to interpret: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Plot, dealing with pre- and post-war Russians, is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: Adelphi, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Old romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Lou Holtz does some wonderful compèring, with George Robey heading the first-class turns: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 87.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Plenty of mystery and plenty of mirth from a situation involving a body in Lord Peter Wimsey's and Harriet's honeymoon house (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Last days of this amusing family comedy with Owen Nares and Fay Compton: Globe, 8.15. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy, and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

First String in "Balalaika"

Muriel Angelus, the attractive young star of Eric Maschwitz's musical play, "Balalaika," upholds England's honour opposite the French charms of her leading man, Roger Treville ("the Ivor Novello of Paris"). Clifford Mollison and Betty Warren provide home-grown humour, while the sets (in pre-war St. Petersburg) are exotic and magnificent. Leontine Sagan produced. At the Adelphi

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HELL-FOR-LEATHER!—Stage effects of motor racing are magnificent; Bernard Nedell, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes support the autos: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White. Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Marie O'Neal and C. M. Hallard lead: Garrick, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Leslie Banks leads in this comedy with a social significance, supported by C. V. France and Adrianne Allen: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Very mellow melodrama, with Constance Cummings in the name-part, excellently supported: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Seasonable Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.—The Carroll fantasy with Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30 only.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—The seventeenth of this mammoth annual show, with fun fair: Olympia, from 10 a.m.

BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Sir Seymour Hicks' play, with Ella Drummond: Scala, 2.30 only.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Rica Bromley-Taylor's children's play with Robin Maule (aged 12) in the lead: Cambridge, 2.30 only.

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—An attractive fantasy about the adventures of two children and some Zoo polar bears: Kingsway, 2.30 and 5.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

CURSE IT, FOILED AGAIN!—Peter Godfrey's production of a Victorian melodrama is too self-conscious to pass muster: Little, 8.30 only.

HAGENBECK'S CIRCUS.—Largely animals, backed by acrobats and all-English clowns: Agricultural Hall, Islington.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY—And her husband, Harcourt Williams, and small company in mime plays and acted folk songs: Rudolf Steiner Hall, 2.30 only.

MOTHER GOOSE.—High finance on and off the gold standard is its theme, with George Lacy as the matriarch, Florence Desmond as principal boy, and ballets by Markova and Dolin: Hippodrome, 2 and 8.

PETER PAN.—Laughton is a wily, almost benign Hook, Elsa Lanchester a stylised Peter Pan, Pamela Standish a delightful Wendy, in an over-size production: Palladium, 2.15 only.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—The inimitable Nellie Wallace, backed by Harry Tate, Patrick Waddington, Nancy Burne, Gertrude Musgrove, in red-blooded pantomime flavoured with Charlot sauce: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30

TREASURE ISLAND.—Franklyn Kelsey is a splendid Long John Silver in Stevenson's adventure tale: Aldwych, 2.15 only.

WHAT 'S BECOME OF THE FAIRIES?—A musical Christmas play for children; all profits to Charing Cross Hospital: Piccadilly, 2.30. Sat., 8.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Another old-timer, with Jackson Hartley in Challoner's part: Fortune, 2.30 and 8.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's annual production: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only

First Night

NIGHT SKY.—L. du Garde Peach's new play, with Helen Hayes, Jane Welsh, Henry Hallatt and Bernard Lee; Maurice Elvey produces: Savoy, to-night, 6th.

CINEMAS

BORN TO DANCE (American).—Eleanor Powell it is—need we say more? Empire.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; handsome Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lead: Carlton.

CAIN AND MABEL (American).—A fast-moving comedy with music and Clark Gable and Marion Davies: New Gallery.

CONFETTI (Austrian).—Another charming Viennese carnival embroglio for insouciant feinschmeckers: music by Robert Stolz: Academy.

DIMPLES (American).—Frank Morgan is the buffer in Shirley Temple's newest film: Regal.

DISNEY CHRISTMAS SEASON.—Seasonable, and other cartoons, news and travel films: Tatler.

FEAR (French).—The story of foolish infatuation and blackmail and panic; Gaby Morlay is the wife, Charles Vanel the husband: Curzon (from Tuesday, 12th).

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer lead in a glamorous technicolour film of the desert, with Basil Rathbone and Joseph Schildkraut: Leicester Square.

(*Continued on page* iii)

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Vandyk

Joyce Carter

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Carter, of Armathwaite Place, Cumberland, and is engaged to James Hunter-Arundell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter-Arundell, of Barjarg Tower, Dumfriesshire

Pearl Freeman

Patricia Huddart

Is the only child of the late Lindow Huddart, R.E., and Mrs. Huddart, of Glen House, Crowborough; she is engaged to Frederick Robert Moberly, of Lime House, Cobham, Surrey, only son of the late Sir Arthur Moberly and Lady Moberly

Bassano

Helen Margaret Andrews

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Andrews, of Knutsford, Kenley, Surrey, and is engaged to J. Leonard White, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. White, of Holly Bank, Kenley, Surrey, and Melbourne, Australia

Janet Hodgson

Is the younger daughter of Mr. a Mrs. W. T. Hodgson, of T Corner House, Horsell, Surre she is engaged to Donald Cha Cameron, R.E., only son of Lie Col. and Mrs. C. S. Camer of Sommerfield Lodge, Haddin

Douglas

Prudence Coutts Trotter

Is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Sir Murray Coutts Trotter, Chief Justice of Madras, and Lady Coutts Trotter. She announced her engagement on November 26th to Mr. H. E. Wetherall, of 41, Davies Street, W.1, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wetherall

Lenare

Joan Coutts Trotter

Is the late Sir Murray Coutts Trotter and Lady Trotter's younger daughter. Her engagement was announced in December to Michael Branch, son of the late Charles Branch, O.B.E., and Mrs. Branch, of 9, Pembroke Square, W. Lady Coutts Trotter lives at 28, Argyll Mansions, W.

Bassano

Violet Wilcox

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilcox, of Wilmer House, Ham Common, Surrey, and has announced her engagement to Hans Edward Tauchert, only son of the late Edward Tauchert and Mrs. Tauchert, of Grunewald, Berlin

Cashen

Nancy Jones

Is the youngest daughter of the late Edward S. Jone and Mrs. Jones, of Danes field Cottage, Horsell, Surrey, and is engaged to Donal Baber, of Brenchley, nea Tunbridge Wells, son o Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Babe

Lenare

Margaret Hamilton

Has announced her engagement to John Dodd, M.P. for Oldham, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Dodd, of The Hollies, Oldham; she is the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton and niece of Mrs. Mather, of Matheran, Sherbrooke Avenue, Glasgow, S.1

Lenare

Gwendolen Mary Patrick

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Patrick, of Duncoin, Glarryford, Co. Antrim, and is engaged to Hugh Bedwell, only son of the late Hugh Bedwell and Mrs. Bedwell, of 29, Gloucester Street, S.W.1

Comdr. G. F. N. Bradford and Miss Anne Spen

The wedding took place at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, bet Commander George Francis Norton Bradford, only son of Mr. and W. H. Bradford, of Bursted Manor, Upper Hardres, nr. Canterbury, Anne Spence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spence, of 426, Western Road, Shanghai. In the group are Billie Smith, Lieut Pack-Beresford, R.N. (best man), Judith Cameron, Mrs. James Ba the bride and bridegroom, Marion Maitland and Rose Marie M

Codrington — Harley

the Chapel, Wellington Barracks, Major John red Codrington, Coldstream Guards, youngest of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alfred and the late Lady drington, of 110, Eaton Square, and Preston ll, Uppingham, married Primrose Harley, nger daughter of the late Dr. Vaughan Harley, 25, Harley Street, and the late Mrs. Harley

Gillett — Arvidson

Ronald B. Gillett, the only son of the Commissioner for the Special Areas, Sir George Masterman Gillett, was married in the Swedish Church at Copenhagen. His bride was Miss Hjoerdis Arvidson. Sir George and Lady Gillett live at 24, Redington Road, N.W.3

Keith — Price

Alistair Keith, youngest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. J. V. Keith, formerly of Harpenden, Herts., and Monica Price, youngest daughter of Mrs. Crawshaw and the late Arthur Glyn Price, of Selwyn House, Broadstairs, were married at St. Peter's in Thanet

Durnford — Greene

Captain John Durnford, R.N., third son of the late Richard Durnford and Mrs. Durnford, of Hartley Wespall House, Basingstoke, and Marie Greene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Greene, of Australia, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Stevens — Pugh

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Commander Barry Stevens, son of Mr. Harry Stevens, of Amberwood, Southampton, married Ruth Myfanwy Pugh, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. E. Pugh, of 8, Sussex Mansions, Sussex Place, S.W.5

Mitchell — Behar

George Lamuel Mitchell, of Mount Street, well known as an art dealer, married Mrs. Eileen Marguerita Behar at Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the daughter of Mr. Martin Benson, the owner of Beech House Stud, and of Windsor Lad

Maclean — Maclean

an Maclean married Mary Maclean at t. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is he elder son of the late Adrian Maclean nd Mrs. Maclean, of 27, Argyll Man- ions, Chelsea; she is the only daughter f Mr. and the late Mrs. A. H. H. Iaclean, of 8, Tor Gardens, Kensington

Hunt — Johnston

Captain Geoffrey Hunt, the Rifle Brigade, youngest son of Major and Mrs. Charles Hunt, of 14, Markham Square, S.W.3, and Hope Caroline Johnston, only daughter of the late Colonel James Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, of 31, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Hill — Bailey

Rowland Hill, 43rd Light Infantry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hill, of 27, Elm Park Gardens, S.W., and Olivette Kaye Bailey, elder daughter of the late Douglas Bailey and Mrs. Bailey, of Empshott Grange, near Liss, Hants., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

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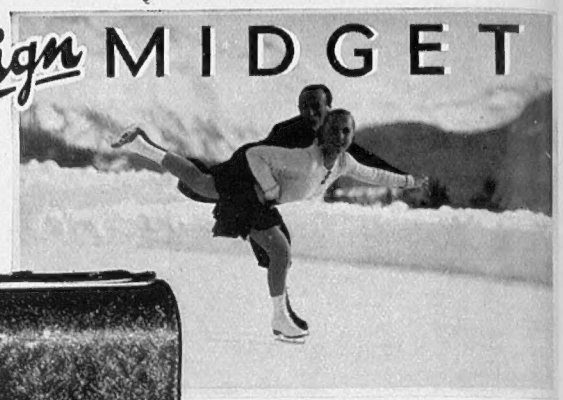

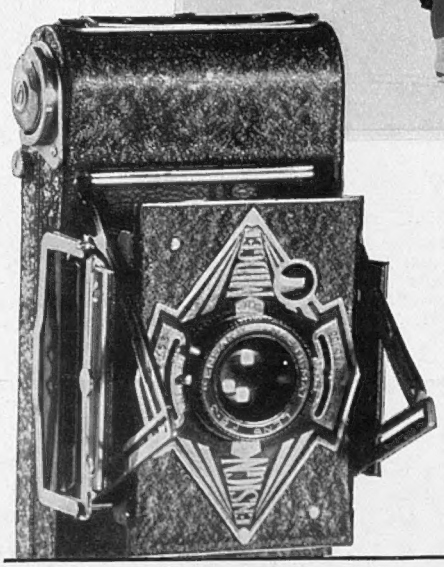

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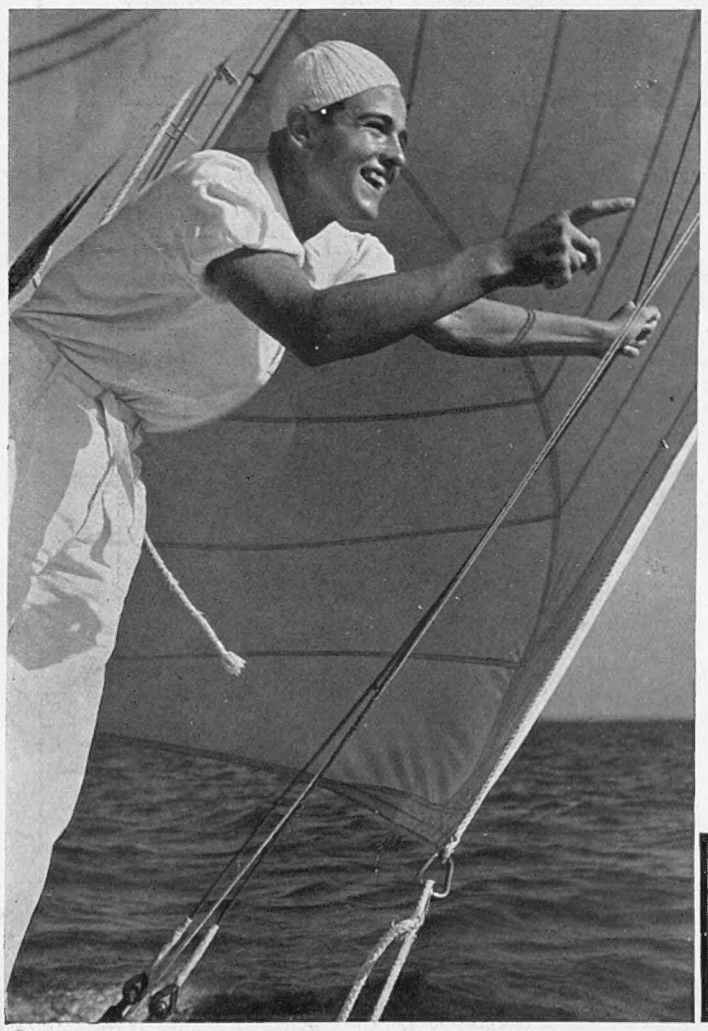

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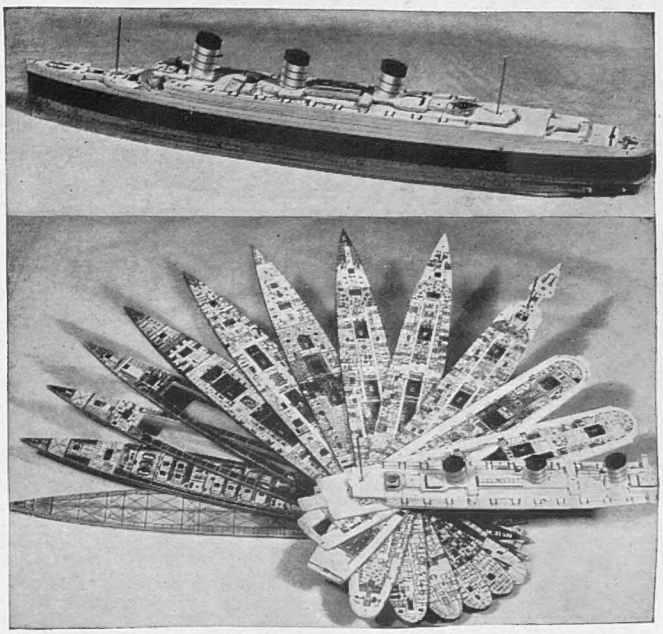

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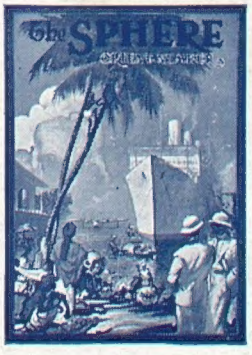

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